

THE
COMPOSITIONS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF
MR. JOHN OLDHAM.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES
UPON SOME
OBSCURE PASSAGES OF HIS WRITINGS.
BY EDWARD THOMPSON.

VOL. II.

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P R E F A C E.

Being to appear anew * in the World, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Trifles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much Briefness, as I did before what I last publish'd in this Kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high Presumption, in adventuring upon a Translation of *The Art of Poetry*, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same Attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean *Ben Johnson*, and the Earl of *Roscommon*, the one being of so established an Authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred; the other having lately performed it with such admirable Success, as almost cuts off all Hope in any after-Pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit, when I let him know, that it was a Task imposed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in, I hope he will be the more favourable in

* This Preface was wrote in the Year 1681.

his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wai'd the Undertaking upon the fore-mentioned Account, and urg'd it as a Reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allowed as sufficient to excuse me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevail'd upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some Course, whereby I might serve myself of the Advantages, which those that went before me, have either not minded, or scrupulously abridg'd themselves of. This I soon imagin'd was to be effected, by putting *Horace* into a more modern Dress than hitherto he has appear'd in; that is, by making him speak, as if he were living and writing now. I therefore resolv'd to alter the Scene from *Rome* to *London*, and to make use of *English* Names of Men, Places and Customs, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceiv'd, would give a Kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the Relish of the present Age.

With these Considerations I set upon the Work, and pursu'd it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledge, been over nice in keeping to the Words of the Original, for that were to transgress a Rule therein contained. Nevertheless, I have been religiously strict to its Sense, and express'd it in as plain and intelli-

gible a Manner as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Passages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive, 'twas necessary for carrying on my proposed Design; and the Author himself, were he alive again, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid Stiffness, and made it my Endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the easy and familiar Way of writing, which is peculiar to *Horace* in his Epistles, and was his proper Talent above any of Mankind. After all, 'tis humbly submitted to the Judgment of the truly Knowing, how I have acquitted myself herein. Let the Success be what it will, I shall not, however, wholly repent of my Undertaking, being (I reckon) in some Measure recompensed for my Pains, by the Advantage I have reaped, of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my Memory.

The *Satire* and *Odes* of the Author, which follow next in Order, I have translated after the same libertine Way. In them also I labour'd under the Disadvantages of coming after other Persons. The *Satire* had been made into a Scene by *Ben Johnson*, in a Play of his, call'd *The Poetaster*. After I had finished my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had

been done likewise by Dr. *Sprat*, and since, I have had the Sight of it amongst the printed Translations of *Horace's* Works. The *Odes* are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther Endeavours. If these of mine meet with good Entertainment in the World, I may perhaps find Leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators, as the Psalms of *David* from *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*.

The two sacred *Odes* I design'd not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this Nature, and were intended to come forth apart, in Company of others of their own Kind. But having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembering the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stolen into the Press, without my Leave or Knowledge, and been expos'd to the World abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same Misfortune, likely enough to befall these, I have been persuaded to yield my Consent to their publishing amongst the rest. Nor is the printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unprecedented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of Dr. *Donne*, and Mr. *Cowley's* Works, whether done by their own Appointment, or the sole

Direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.

As for the two Essays out of *Greek*, they were occasioned by a Report, that some found Fault with the Roughness of my Satires formerly published, though upon what Ground they should do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unless I am mistaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without shocking any Hearer, that is not too nice and censorious. I confess, I did not so much mind the Cadence, as the Sense and Expressiveness of my Words, and therefore chose not those which were best disposed to placing themselves in Rhyme, but rather the most keen and tuant, as being the most suitable to my Argument. And certainly, no one that pretends to distinguish the several Colours of Poetry, would expect that *Juvenal*, when he is lashing of Vice and Villainy, should flow so smoothly as *Ovid* or *Tibullus*, when they are describing Amours and Gallantries, and having nothing to disturb and ruffle the Evenness of their Stile.

Howbeit, to shew that the Way I took was out of Choice, not Want of Judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly incapable of performing upon

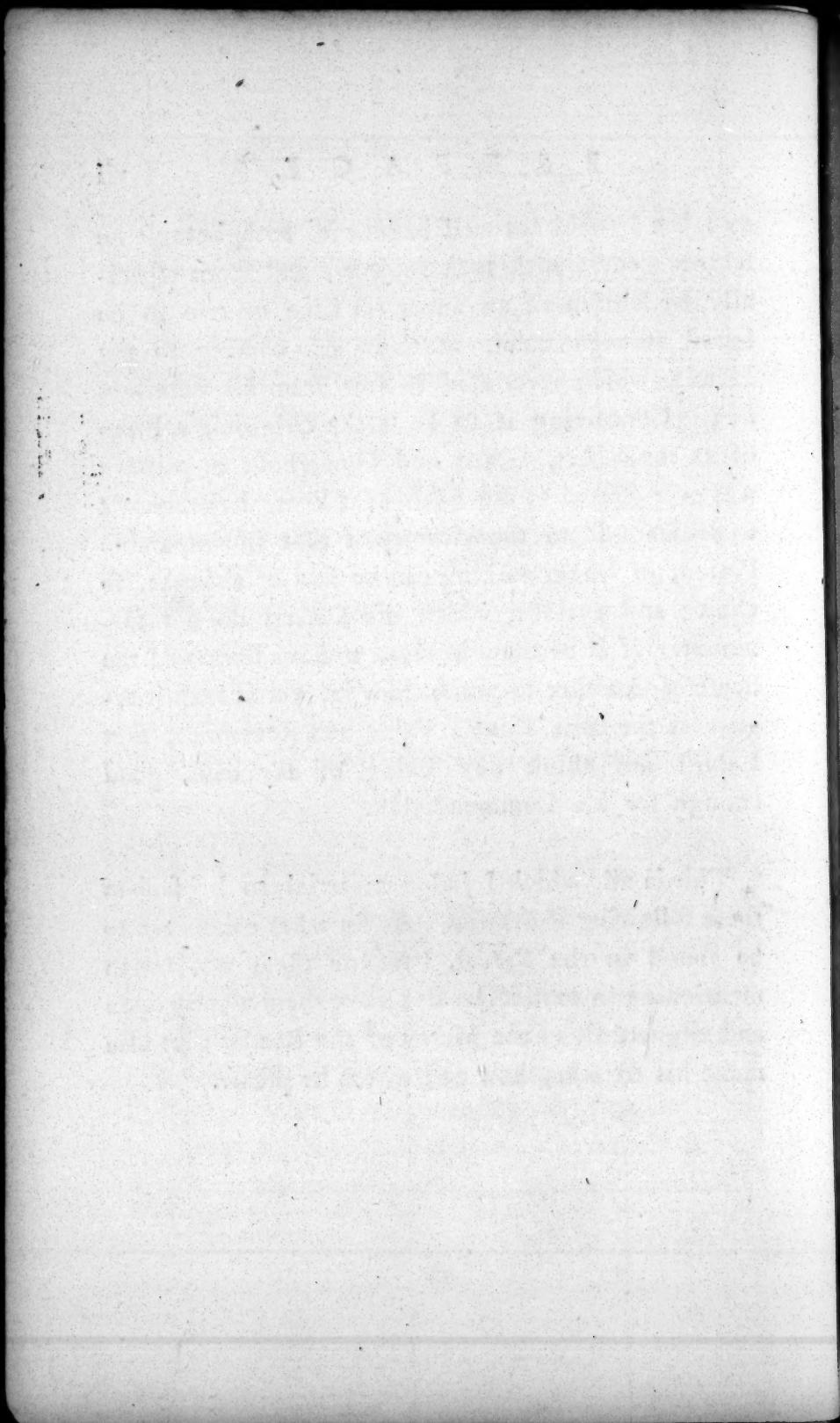
more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my Humour inclined me to exercise it, I have pitched upon these two, which the greatest Men of Sense have allowed to be some of the softest and tenderest of all Antiquity. Nay, if we will believe *Rapin*, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produced; they have no other Fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of *Pastoral*, which should not seem too laboured, and whose chief Beauty is, an unaffected Air of Plainness and Simplicity.

That which laments the Death of *Adonis*, has been attempted in *Latin* by several great Masters; namely, *Vulcanius*, *Douza*, and *Monsieur le Fevre*. The last of them has done it paraphrastically, but left good Part of the Poem, toward the latter End, untouched, perhaps, because he thought it not so capable of Ornament as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my Way of translating; and where I was at a Loss for Want of his Guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon *Bion*, was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses; but who was the Author, I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of *Roche-*

ter ; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom medled with fuch Subjects, and more especially by Reason of an uncorrect Line or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my Hands, which never used to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a Piece of as much Art, Grace and Tendernefs, as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the Memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said or thought, so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the Sense of Another to praise him in, yet at least it argues at the same Time a Value and Reverence, that I durst not think any Thing of my own, good enough for his Commendation.

This is all which I judge material to be said of these following Resveries. As for what others are to be found in the Parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded, to the Mercy of the Reader ; let him make his Attacks, how and where he please.



HORACE'S ART OF POETRY,
IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

A D D R E S S E D

BY WAY OF LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Should some ill Painter, in a wild Design,
To a Man's Head a Horse's Shoulders join,
Or Fish's Tail to a fair Woman's Waist,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beast,
Ill-match'd, and with as motly Feathers drest !
If you, by chance were to pass by his Shop,
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimsical or mad ?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,

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As worthy Laughter, which throughout is fill'd
 With monstrous Inconsistences, more vain and wild,
 Than sick Mens Dreams, whose neither Head nor Tail,
 Nor any Parts in due Proportion fall.

But 'twill be said, *None ever did deny*

Painters and Poets their free Liberty

Of feigning any thing : We grant it true,
 And the same Privilege crave, and allow ;

But to mix Natures clearly opposite,

To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,

Or Lambs from savage Tygers seek Defence,

Shocks Reason, and the Rules of common Sense,

Some, who would have us think they meant to treat
 At first on Arguments of greatest Weight,

Are proud, when here and there a glittering Line
 Does through the Mass of their course Rubbish shine ;

In gay Digressions they delight to rove,

Describing here a Temple, there a Grove,

A Vale enamell'd o'er with pleasant Streams,

A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But how does this relate to their Design ?

Tho' good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in.

A common Dawber may, perhaps, have Skill

To paint a Tavern-Sign or Landskip well ;

But what is this to drawing of a Fight,

A Wreck, a Storm, or the *last Judgment* right ?

When the fair Model and Foundation shews,
That you some great *Escorial* would produce,
How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus ?
In fine, whatever Work you mean to frame,
Be uniform, and every where the same.
Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easy to observe)
Into the worst of Faults are apt to swerve ;
Thro' a false Hope of reaching Excellence,
Avoiding Length, we often cramp our Sense,
And make't obscure ; oft when we'd have our Stile
Easy and flowing, lose its Force the while :
Some, striving to surmount the common Flight,
Soar up, in airy Bombast, out of Sight ;
Others, who fear to a bold Pitch to trust
Themselves, sag low, and humbly sweep the Dust :
And many, fond of seeming marvellous,
While they too carelessly transgress the Laws
Of Likelihood, most odd *Ghimeras* feign,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus they who would take aim, but want the Skill,
Miss always, and shoot wide or narrow still.

One of the meanest Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails or Hair in Stone,
And to the Life enough, perhaps, who yet
Wants Mystery to make the Work complete :

Troth, Sir, if 'twere my Fancy to compose,
 Rather than be this bungling Wretch, I'd chuse
 To wear a crooked and unsightly Nose,
 'Mongst other handsome Features of a Face,
 Which only would set off my Ugliness.

}

Be sure, all, you that undertake to write,
 To chuse a Subject for your Genius fit:
 Try long and often what your Talents are:
 What is the Burden which your Parts will bear,
 And where they'll fail: He that discerns with Skill
 To cull his Argument and Matter well,
 Will never be to seek for Eloquence,
 To dress, or Method to dispose his Sense.
 They the chief Art and Grace in Order shew,
 (If I may claim any Pretence to know)
 Who time discreetly what's to be discours'd,
 What should be said at last, and what at first:
 Some Passages at present may be heard,
 Others till afterward are best deferr'd:
 Verse, which disdains the Laws of History,
 Speaks Things, not as they are, but ought to be:
 Whoever will in Poetry excel,
 Must learn and use his hidden Secret well.
 'Tis next to be observed, that Care is due,
 And Sparingness in framing Words anew:

You shew your Mast'ry, if you have the Knack,
 So to make use of what known Word you take,
 To giv't a newer Sense: If there be need
 For some uncommon Matter to be said;
 Pow'r of inventing Terms may be allow'd,
 Which *Chaucer*, and his Age, ne'er understood:
 Provided always, as 'twas said before,
 We seldom, and discreetly, use that Pow'r.
 Words new, and foreign, may be best brought in,
 If borrow'd from a Language near akin:
 Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid
 To *Lee* and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
 To *Shakespeare*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* heretofore,
 For which they praise, and Commendation bore?
 If *Spenser's* Muse be justly so ador'd
 For that rich Copiousness, wherewith he stor'd
 Our native Tongue; for God's sake, why should I
 Strait be thought arrogant; if modestly,
 I claim and use the self-same Liberty?
 This the just Right of Poets ever was,
 And will be still, to coin what Words they please,
 Well fitted to the present Age and Place.
 Words with the Leaves of Trees a Semblance hold,
 In this respect, where every Year the old
 Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
 Death is the Fate of all things here below:

Nature herself, by Art, has Changes felt,
 The *Tangier* Mole (by our great * *Monarch* built)
 Like a vast Bulwark in the Ocean set,
 From Pirates and from Storms defends our Fleet :
 Fens every Day are drain'd, and Men now plow,
 And sow, and reap, where they before might row,
 And Rivers have been taught, by † *Middleton*,
 From their old Course within new Banks to run,
 And pay their useful Tribute to the Town. }
 If Man's and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
 Much*less must Words expect a lasting Date :
 Many, which we approve for current now,
 In the next Age out of Request shall grow :
 And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
 If Custom please: From whence their Vogue they draw,
 Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law.

Homer first shew'd us in heroic Strains,
 To write of Wars, of Battles, and Campaigns,
 Kings, and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
 And him we still for our chief Pattern own.

Soft Elegy, design'd for Grief and Tears,
 Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Hearse :
 Since, to a brisker Note 'tis taught to move,
 And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy, and Love.

* King CHARLES II, † A celebrated Engineer.

But who was first Inventor of the Kind,
 Criticks have sought, but never yet could find.
 Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty Praise
 Of peaceful Conquerors in *Pisa's* Race,
 The Mirth and Joys which Love and Wine produce,
 With other wanton Sallies of a Muse,
 The stately Ode does for its Subjects chuse.

Archilochus, to vent his Gall and Spite,
 In keen Iambicks first, was known to write :
 Dramatic Authors us'd this Sort of Verse,
 On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theatres,
 As for Discourse and Conversation fit,
 And apt't to drown the Noises of the Pit.

If I discern not the true Stile and Air,
 Nor how to give the proper Character
 To every kind of Work ; how dare I claim,
 And challenge to myself a Poet's Name ?
 And why had I, with aukward Modesty,
 Rather than learn, always unskilful be ?
Volpone and *Morose* will not admit
 Of *Catiline's* high Strains ; nor is it fit
 To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
 In the low Dress which comic Persons wear.
 Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,
 Give each Thing its due Place and Time aright :

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Stile,
 And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,
 And Tragedy alike, sometimes, has Leave
 To throw off Majesty, when 'tis to grieve :
Peleus, and *Telephus*, in Misery,
 I say their big Words and blust'ring Language by,
 If they expect to make their audience cry. }
 'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed,
 That they be elegant : They must not need
 Those warm and moving Touches, which impart }
 A kind Concernment to each Hearer's Heart,
 And ravish it, which Way they please, with Art.
 Where Joy and Sorrow put on good Disguise,
 Ours with the Person's Looks straight sympathize ;
 Would'st have me weep ? thyself must first begin ; }
 Then *Telephus*, to Pity I incline,
 And think thy Case, and all thy Suff'rings mine ; }
 But if thou'rt made to act thy Part amiss,
 I can't forbear to sleep, or laugh, or hiss,
 Let Words express the Looks which Speakers wear ;
 Sad, fit a mournful and dejected Air ;
 The Passionate must huff, and storm, and rave ;
 The Gay be pleasant, and the Serious grave.
 For Nature works, and moulds our Frame within,
 To take all manner of Impressions in.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

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Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now Hope, now Joy, now Sorrow, does inspire,
And all these Passions in our Face appear,
Of which the Tongue is sole Interpreter :
But he whose Words and Fortunes do not suit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both is hooted out.
Observe what Characters your Persons fit,
Whether the Master speak, or *Todelet* :
Whether a Man that's elderly in Growth,
Or a brisk *Hotspur* in his boiling Youth :
A roaring Bully, or a shirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit ;
A prating Gossip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or a home-spun Boor :
Spaniard or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane* ;
Native of *Turkey*, *India*, or *Japan*.

Either from History your Persons take,
Or let them nothing inconsistent speak :
If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all Heat and Rage,
Inflexible, and headstrong to all Laws,
But those which Arms and his own Will impose.
Cruel *Medea* must no Pity have,
Ixion must be treacherous, *Juno* grieve,
Io must wander, and *Orestes* rave :

}

But if you dare to tread in Paths unknown,
And boldly start new Persons of your own ;
Be sure to make them in one Strain agree,
And let the End like the Beginning be.

'Tis difficult for Writers to succeed,
On Arguments which none before have try'd ;
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyſſey*, with Ease,
Will better furnish Subjects for your plays,
Than that you should your own Invention trust,
And broach unheard-of things, yourself the first.
In copying other's Works, to make them pass,
And seem your own, let these few Rules take Place :
When you some of their story represent,
Take care that you new Episodes invent :
Be not too nice the Author's Words to trace,
But vary all with a fresh Air and Grace ;
Nor such strict Rules of Imitation chuse,
Which you must still be ty'd to follow close,
Or, forc'd to a Retreat, for Want of Room,
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not, like that affected Fool, begin,
King Priam's Fate, and Troy's fam'd War I sing.
What will this mighty Promiser produce ?
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouse.
How short is this of *Homer's* fine Address,
And Art, who ne'er says any thing amiss ?

Muse, speak the Man, who, since Troy's laying waste,
Into such num'rous Dangers has been cast,
So many Towns and various People past :
 He does not lavish at a Blaze his Fire,
 To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire :
 But Modesty at first conceals his Light
 In dazzling Wonders, then breaks forth to Sight ;
 Surprizes you with Miracles all o'er,
 Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,
Cyclops, and bloody *Lestrygons* devour:
 Nor does he Time in long Preambles spend,
 Describing *Meleager's* rueful End,
 When he's of *Diomed's* Return to treat ;
 Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
 The Tale of brooding *Leda's* Eggs repeat.
 But still to the design'd Event hastes on,
 And at first Dash, as if before 'twere known,
 Embarks you in the middle of the Plot,
 And what is unimproveable leaves out,
 And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
 That nothing in the whole may disagree.

Whoe'er you are that set yourselves to write,
 If you expect to have your Audience fit
 Till the fifth Act be done, and curtain fall,
 Mind what Instructions I shall farther tell ;

Our Guise and Manners alter with our Age,
And such they must be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurse's Hand,
To play with those of his own Growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as soon appeas'd:
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next Hour what he the last enjoy'd.

The beardless Youth, from Pedagogue got loose,
Does Dogs and Horses for his Pleasure chuse;
Yielding, and soft to every Print of Vice,
Resty to those who would his Faults chastise:
Careless of Profit, of Expences vain,
Haughty and eager his Desires t'obtain,
And swift to quit the same Desires again. }

Those who to manly Years and Sense are grown,
Seek Wealth, and Friendship, Honour, and Renown:
And are discreet, and fearful how to act
What after they must alter and correct.

Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless,
Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:
In painful Toil they spend their wretched Years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that Wealth, new Cares
Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy;
Slow and suspicious in their Managery;

Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Ease,
Greedy of Life, Morose, and hard to please;
Envious at Pleasures of the young and gay,
Where they themselves now want a Stock to play;
Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
And what has past since they have quit the Stage:
But loud Admirers of Queen *Bessy's* Time,
And what was done when they were in their Prime.
Thus, what our Tide of flowering Years brings in,
Still with our Ebb of Life goes out again:
The Humours of Fourscore will never hit
One of fifteen, nor a Boy's Part besit
A full-grown Man: It shews no mean Address,
If you the Tempers of each Age express.

Some Things are best to act, others to tell;
Those, by the Ear convey'd, do not so well,
Nor half so movingly affect the Mind,
As what we to our Eyes presented find.
Yet there are many Things, which should not come
In View, nor pass beyond the Tiring-Room:
Which, after, in expressive Language told,
Shall please the Audience more than to behold:
Let not *Medea* shew her fatal Rage,
And cut her Children's Throats upon the Stage:
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his Eye-balls there,
Nor bloody *Atræus*, his dire Feast prepare:

Cadmus, nor *Progne*, their odd Changes take,
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake :

Whatever so incredible you show,
Shocks my Belief, and strait does nauseous grow.

Five Acts, no more nor less, your play must have,
If you'll an handsome Third Day's Share receive.

Let not a God be summon'd to attend
On a slight Errand, nor on Wire descend,
Unless th' Importance of the Plot engage ;
And let but Three at once speak on the Stage.

Be sure to make the *Chorus* still promote
The chief Intrigue, and Business of the Plot :
Betwixt the Acts there must be nothing sung
Which does not to the main Design belong :
The Praises of the Good must here be told,
The Passions curb'd, and Foes of Vice extoll'd :
Here Thrift, and Temperance, and wholesome Laws,
Strict Justice, and the gentle Calms of Peace, }
Must have their Commendations and Applause : }
And Prayers must be sent up to Heav'n to guide }
Blind Fortune's Blessings to the juster side, }
To raise the Poor, and lower prosp'rous Pride.

At first the Musick of our Stage was rude,
Whilst in the *Cock-pit* and *Black-Friars* it stood :
And this might please enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and bashful Audience :

When *Buffy d'Amboise* *, and his Fustian took,
 And Men were ravish'd with Queen *Gorboduc* †.
 But since our MONARCH, by kind Heaven sent,
 Brought back the Arts with him from Banishment,
 And by his gentle Influence gave Increase
 To all the harmless Luxuries of Peace :
 Favour'd by him, our Stage has flourish'd too,
 And every Day in outward Splendor grew :
 In Musick, Song, and Dance of every kind,
 And all the Grace of Action 'tis refin'd ;
 And since that Operas at length came in,
 Our Players have so well improv'd the Scene
 With Gallantry of Habit, and Machine,
 As makes our Theatre in Glory vie
 With the best Ages of Antiquity :
 And mighty *Roscius*, were he living now,
 Would envy both our Stage and Acting too.

Those who did first in Tragedy essay,
 (When a vile Goat was all the Poet's Day)
 Us'd to allay their Subjects Gravity
 With Interludes of Mirth and Raillery :

* A Tragedy wrote by Mr. *George Chapman*, in the Reign of King JAMES I.

† A celebrated Tragedy, by *Thomas Norton* and *Thomas Sackville*, Esqrs. 1590.

Here they brought rough and naked Satyrs in,
 Whose Farce-like Gesture, Motion, Speech and Mien }
 Resemble those of modern *Harlequin*.

Because such antick Tricks, and odd Grimace, }
 After their drunken Feasts, on Holidays,
 The giddy and hot-headed rout would please :
 As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
 Divert the senseless Crowd at *Barthol'mew*.

But he that would in this mock-way excel,
 And exercise the Art of Railing well,
 Had need with Diligence observe this Rule,
 In turning serious Things to Ridicule :
 If he an Hero or a God bring in,
 With kingly Robes and Scepters lately seen,
 Let them not speak, like burlesque Characters,
 The Wit of *Billingsgate* and *Temple-stairs* :
 Nor, while they of those Meanneffes beware,
 In tearing Lines of *Bajazet* * appear,
 Majestic Tragedy as much disdains
 To condescend to low and trivial Strains :
 As a Court-Lady thinks herself disgrac'd,
 To dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feast.

If, in this kind, you will attempt to write,
 You must no broad and clownish Words admit,

* A Tragedy by Mr. *Charles Saunders*, 1681.

Nor must you so confound your Characters,
As not to mind what Person 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your Stile be smooth and natural :
Though others think it easy to attain,
They'll find it hard, and imitate in vain :
So much does Method and Connections grace
The common'st Things, the plainest Matters raise.

In my Opinion, 'tis absurd and odd,
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,
Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall* :
Yet, though I would not have their Words too quaint,
Much less can I allow them impudent :
For Men of Breeding and of Quality
Must needs be shock'd with fulsom Ribaldry ;
Which, though it pass the Foot-boy and the Cit,
Is always nauseous to the Box and Pit.

There are but few, who have such skilful Ears,
To judge of artless and ill-measur'd Verse.
This, till of late, was hardly understood,
And still there's too much Liberty allow'd.
But will you therefore be so much a Fool
To write at random, and neglect a Rule ?
Or, while your Faults are set to general View,
Hope all men should be blind, or pardon you ?

Who would not such Fool-hardiness condemn,
 Where, tho' perchance you may escape from blame, }
 Yet Praise you never can expect, or claim ?
 Therefore be sure you study to apply
 To the great Patterns of Antiquity :
 Ne'er lay the *Greeks* and *Romans* out of Sight,
 Ply them by Day, and think on them by Night.
 Rough hobbling Numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
 And clench for deep Conceit in former time :
 With too much Patience (not to call it worse)
 Both were applauded in our Ancestors :
 If you or I have Sense to judge aright
 Betwixt a Quibble and true Sterling Wit ;
 Or Ear enough to give the Difference
 Of sweet, well-sounding Verse, from doggrel Strains.

Thespis ('tis said) did Tragedy devise,
 Unknown before, and rude at its first Rise :
 In Carts the Gypsy Actors stroll'd about,
 With Faces smear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot, }
 And thro' the Towns amus'd the wond'ring Rout ;
 Till *Æschylus* appearing to the Age,
 Contriv'd a Play-house, and convenient Stage.
 Found out the Use of Vizards, and a Dress,
 (An handsomer, and more genteel Disguise)
 And taught the Actors with a stately Air,
 And Mein, to speak, and tread, and whatsoe'er }
 Gave Port and Grandeur to the Theatre.

Next this succeeded ancient Comedy,
With good Applause, till too much Liberty.
Usurp'd by Writers, had debauch'd the Stage,
And made it grow the Grievance of the Age :
No Merit was secure, no Person free,
From its licentious Buffoonery :
Till for Redress the Magistrate was fain,
By Law, those Insolences to restrain.

Our Authors, in each kind their Praise may claim,
Who leave no Paths untrod, that lead to Fame :
And well they merit it, who scorn'd to be
So much the Vassals of Antiquity,
As those who know no better than to cloy,
With the old musty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy* :
But boldly the dull beaten Track forsook,
And Subjects from our Country-story took.
Nor would our Nation less in Wit appear,
Than in its great Performances of War ;
Were there Encouragements to bribe our Care,
Would we to file and finish spare the Pains,
And add but Justness to our manly Sense.

But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your Skill and Judgment by mean Flattery :
Never pretend to like a Piece of Wit,
But what you're certain is correctly writ :

But what has stood all Tests, and is allow'd,
By all to be unquestionably good :

Because some wild enthusiasts there be
(Who bar the Rules of Art in Poetry)
Would have it Rapture all, and scarce admit
A Man of sober Sense to be a Wit ;
Others, by this Conceit, have been misled
So much, that they're grown statutably mad :
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude, and Conversation shun ;
In dirty Cloaths and a wild Garb appear,
And scarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair,
And hope to purchase Credit and Esteem,
When they, like *Cromwell's* Porter *, frantic seem :
Strange ! that the very Height of Lunacy,
Beyond the Cure of *Allen*, e'er should be
A Mark of the Elect in Poetry. }

How much an Ass am I, that us'd to bleed,
And take a Purge, each Spring, to clear my Head ?
None otherwise would be so good as I,
At lofty Strains, and Rants of Poetry :
But faith I am not yet so fond of Fame,
To lose my Reason for a Poet's Name.
Tho' I myself am not dispos'd to write,
In others I may serve to sharpen Wit :

* A poor Fellow so called, who died in *Bedlam*.

Acquaint them what a Poet's Duty is,
And how he shall perform it with Success :
Whence the Materials for his Work are sought,
And how with skilful Art they must be wrought :
And shew what is, and is not, Decency,
And where his Faults and Excellencies lie.
Good Sense must be the certain Standard still,
To all that will pretend to writing well :
If you'll arrive at that, you needs must be
Well vers'd and grounded in Philosophy :
Then chuse a Subject which you thoroughly know,
And Words, unfought' thereon, will easy flow.
Whoe'er will write, must diligently mind
The several Sorts and Ranks of human Kind :
He that has learnt what to his Country's due,
What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
What Charge a Statesman or a Judge does bear,
And what the Parts of a Commander are :
Will ne'er be at a Loss (he may be sure)
To give each Person their due Portraiture.
Take human Life for your Original,
Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.
Sometimes in Plays, tho' else but badly writ,
With nought of Force or Grace, of Art or Wit,
Some one well-humour'd Character we meet,

That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
And jingling Toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had Command of Language, Wit, and Sense,
For cultivating which she spar'd no Pains :
Glory her sole Design, and all her Aim
Was how to gain herself immortal Fame :
Our *English* Youth another Way are bred
They're fitted for a Prentiship and Trade, }
And *Wingate's* all the Author's which they've read. }
The Boy has been a Year at Writing-School. }
Has learnt Division, and the Golden-rule ; }
Scholar enough ! cries the old doating Fool,
I'll hold a Piece he'll prove an Alderman,
And come to sit at Church with Furs and Chain.
This is the top Design, the only Praise,
And sole Ambition of the booby Race :
While this base Spirit in the Age does reign,
And Men mind nought but Wealth and sordid Gain,
Can we expect or hope it should bring forth
A Work in Poetry of any Worth,
Fit for the learned *Bodley* * to admit,
Among its sacred Monuments of Wit ;
A Poet should inform us, or divert,
But joining both, he shews his chiefest Art :

* Sir Thomas Bodley, Founder of the Library at Oxford.

Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be sure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that, they're easier far to apprehend ;
By this, more faithfully preserv'd in Mind :
All things superfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and surcharge the Memory.

Let whatsoe'er of Fiction you bring in,
Be so like Truth, to seem at least akin :
Do not Improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my Belief :
Ne'er make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomstick through the Air :
Nor Cannibal a living Infant spew,
Which he had murder'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver Sort dislike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edify :
And youthful Sparks as much that Wit despise,
Which is not strew'd with pleasant Gaieties :
But he that has the Knack of mingling well
What is of use, with what's agreeable,
That knows at once how to instruct and please,
Is justly crown'd by all Men's Suffrages,
These are the Works, which, valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church-Yard*, and the Stationer :
These Admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages spread their Author's Fame.

Yet there are Faults with which we ought to bear,
An instrument may sometimes chance to jar
In the best Hand, in spite of all its Care :
Nor have I known that skilful Marksman yet,
So fortunate, who never mist the White.
But where I many Excellencies find,
I'm not so nicely critical, to mind
Each slight Mistake an Author may produce,
Which human Frailty justly may excuse.
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will still pursue it to the End,
Is like that scraping Fool, who the same Note
Is ever playing, and is ever out ;
And silly as that Bubble every whit,
Who at the self-same Plot is always hit.
When such a lewd incorrigible Sot
Lights by mere Chance upon some happy Thought ;
Among such filthy Trash, I vex to see't,
And wonder how (the Devil!) he came by't.
In Works of Bulk and Length we now and then,
May grant an Author to be overseen :
Homer himself, how sacred e'er he is,
Yet claims not a Pretence to Faultlessness,
Poems with Pictures a Resemblance bear ;
Some, best at Distance, shun a View too near :

Others are bolder, and stand off to Sight ;
These love the Shade, those chuse the clearest Light,
And dare the Survey of the skilful'st Eyes :
Some once, and some ten thousand Times will please.

Sir, tho' yourself so much of Knowledge own
In these Affairs, that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain Truth, which I lay down:
Most Callings else do Difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts and Skill may do :
I've known Physicians, who Respect might claim,
Though they ne'er rose to *Willis's* great Fame :
And there are Preachers, ho have great Renown,
Yet ne'er come up to *Sprat* or *Tillotson* :
And Counsellors or Pleaders in the Hall,
May have Esteem, and Practice, though they fall
Far short of smooth-tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
Tho' they want *Selden's* Learning, *Vaughan's* Sense ;
But Verse alone does of no Mean admit,
Whoe'er will please, must please us to the Height :
He must a *Cowley* or a *Flecknoe** be :
For there's no second Rate in Poetry:
A dull insipid Writer none can bear,
In every Place he is the public Jeer,
And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.

* i. e. *Shadwell*.

No man that understands to make a Feast,
With a coarse Desert, will offend his Guest,
Or bring ill Musick in to grate the Ear,
Because 'tis what the splendid Ball might spare :
'Tis the same Case with those that deal in Wit,
Whose main Design and End should be Delight :
They must by this same Sentence stand or fall,
Be highly excellent, or not at all.

In all things else that's writ, save Poetry,
Men shew some Signs of common Modesty:
You'll hardly find a Fencer so unwise,
Who at *Bear-Garden* e'er will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before : Nor at a Wake,
One that wants Skill and Strength, the Girdle take,
Or be so vain the pond'rous Weight to sling,
For fear they should be hiss'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verse,
And write, in spite of Nature and his Stars ;
All Sorts of Subjects challenge, at this Time,
The Liberty and Property of Rhime.
The Sort of Honour, fond of being great
By something else than Title and Estate,
As if a Parent gave him Claim to Sense,
Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,
Believes a Cast of Foot boys, and a Set
Of *Flanders-Mares*, advance him to a Wit.

But you, who have the Judgment to descry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
I'm sure will never be induc'd to strain
Your Genius, or attempt against your Vein,
Yet (this let me advise) if e'er you write,
Let none of your Composures see the Light,
Till they've been thoroughly weigh'd, and past the Test
Of all those Judges, who are thought the best:
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Press,
You've Power to correct them as you please:
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are chronicled, and past recal,
Orpheus, the first of the inspir'd Train,
By Force of powerful Numbers did restrain
Mankind from Rage and bloody Cruelty,
And taught the barbarous World Civility:
Hence rose the Fiction which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by tuneful Magick tam'd,
And Tygers charm'd by his harmonious Lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their Savageness:
Hence that which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The Pow'r of whose mirac'lous Lute could call
The well-plac'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
Wondrous were the Effects of primitive Verse,
Which settled and reform'd the Universe:

This did all things to their due Ends reduce,
 To public, private, sacred, civil Use;
 Marriage, for weighty Causes, was ordain'd,
 That bridled Lust and lawless Love restrain'd ;
 Cities with Walls and Ramparts were inclos'd,
 And Property with wholesome Laws despos'd :
 And Bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
 To guard weak Innocence from wrongful Might.
 Hence Poets have been held a sacred Name,
 And plac'd with first Rates in the Lists of Fame.
 Next these, great *Homer* to the World appear'd
 Around the Globe his loud Alarms were heard,
 Which all the Brave to warlike Action fir'd :
 And *Hesiod* after him, with useful Skill,
 Gave Lessons to instruct the Ploughman's Toil.
 Verse was the Language of the Gods of old,
 In which their sacred Oracles were told :
 In Verse were the first Rules of Virtue taught,
 And Doctrines thence, as now, from Pulpits sought ;
 By Verse some have the Love of Princes gain'd,
 Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,
 And with a Muse their weighty Cares unbend.
 Then think it no Disparagement, dear Sir,
 To own yourself a Member of that Choir,
 Which Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.
 Concerning Poets there has been Contest,
 Whether they're made by Art or Nature best :

But if I may presume in this Affair,
Amongst the rest, my Judgment to declare,
No Art, without a Genius, will avail,
And Parts, without the Help of Art, will fail :
But both Ingredients jointly must unite
To make the happy Character complete,

None at *New-Market* ever won the Prize,
But us'd his Airings, and his Exercise,
His Courses, and his Diets long before,
And Wine and Women for a Time forbore :
Nor is there any Singing-man we know,
Of good Repute in a Cathedral now,
But was a Learner once (he'll freely own)
And, by long Practice to that Skill has grown :
But each conceited Duncce, without Pretence
To the least Grain of Learning, Parts, or Sense,
Or any thing but harden'd Impudence,
Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
With all the topping Writers of the Age :

- " Why should not he put in among the rest ?*
" Damn him ! he scorns to come behind the best :
" Declares himself a Wit, and vows to draw,
" On the next Man, whoe'er disowns him so."

Scriblers of Quality, who have Estate,
To gain applauding Fools at any Rate,

Practise as many Tricks as Shopkeepers,
To force a Trade, and put off naughty Wares :

Some hire the House, their Follies to expose,
And are at Charge to be ridiculous :

Others, with Wine and Ordinaries treat
A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit :

'Tis strange that such should the true Diff'rence find
Betwixt a spunging Knave, and faithful Friend.

Take heed how you e'er prostitute your Sense
To such a fawning Crew of Sycophants :

All Signs of being pleas'd, the Rogues will feign
Wonder, and bless themselves at every Line,

Swearing, "*'Tis soft, 'tis charming ! 'tis divine !*" }

Here they'll look pale, as if surpriz'd, and there,
In a Disguise of Grief, squeeze out a Tear ;

Oft seem transported with a sudden Joy,

Stamp, and lift up their Hands in Extasy :

But if by chance your Back once turn'd appear,

You'll have 'em strait put out their Tongues in Jeer, }

Or point, or gibe you with a scornful Sneer.

As they, who truly grieve at Funerals, shew

Less outward Sorrow than hir'd Mourners do ;

So true Admirers less Concernment wear

Before your Face, than the sham Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confidant, or bosom Favourite,

Till store of Wine had made his Secrets float,
And by that Means they found his Temper out :
'Twere well if Poets knew some Way like this,
How to discern their Friends from Enemies.

Had you consulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your Faults impartially have told :
“ *This Verse Correction wants* (he would have said)
“ *And so does this :*” If you reply'd, you had }
To little Purpose several Trials made ;
He presently would bid you strike a Dash
On all, and put a better in the Place :
But if he found you once a stubborn Sot,
That would not be corrected in a Fault ;
He would no more his Pains and Counsel spend
On an abandon'd Fool, that scorn'd to mend :
But bid you, in the Devil's Name, go on,
And hug your dear Impertinence alone.

A trusty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his Sense and Judgment, wherefoe'er
He sees a Fault : “ *Here, Sir, good faith, you're low,*
“ *And must some Height'ning on the Place bestow :*
“ *There, if you mind, the Rhime is harsh and rough,*
“ *And should be softened, to go smoothlier off :*
“ *Your Strokes are here of Varnish left too bare,*
“ *Your Colours there too thick laid on appear :*

" *Your Metaphor is coarse, that Phrase not pure,
This Word improper, and that Sense obscure.*"

In fine, you'll find him a strict Censurer,
That will not your least Negligences spare,
Thro' a vain Fear of disobliging you :
They are but slight and trivial things 'tis true ;
Yet these same Trifles (take a Poet's Word)
Matter of high Importance will afford,
Whene'er by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.

Not those, with *Lord have mercy*, on their Doors *,
Venom of Adders, or infected Whores,
Are dreaded worse by Men of Sense and Wit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving Fit :
Like Dog, whose Tail is peg'd into a Bone, }
The hooting Rabble all about the Town
Pursue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he pass'd along,
Intent on's rhiming Work, amidst the Throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch*, or some deep Cellar fall, }
And till he rent his Throat for Succour bawl,
No one would lend an helping Hand at Call :
For who (the Plague !) would guess at his Design,
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in ?

* Persons visited with the Plague,

I'd tell you, Sir, but questionless you've heard,
 Of the odd End of a *Sicilian* Bard * ;
 Fond to be deem'd a God, this Fool, it seems,
 In his mad Fit leap'd into *Ætna's* Flames.
 Troth, I could be content an Act might pass,
 Such Poets should have Leave, whene'er they please,
 To die, and rid us of our Grievances,
 O' God's Name let 'em hang, or drown, or chuse
 What other Way they will, themselves dispose,
 Why should we Life against their Wills impose ?
 Might that same Fool I mentioned now revive,
 He would not be reclaim'd I dare believe,
 But soon be playing his old Freaks again,
 And still the same capricious Hopes retain.

'Tis hard to guess, and harder to alledge,
 Whether for Parricide or Sacrilege,
 Or some more strange, unknown, and horrid Crime,
 Done in their own or their Forefather's Time,
 These scribbling Wretches have been damn'd to rhyme :
 But certain 'tis, for such a crack-brain'd Race,
Bedlam, or *Hogsdon*, is the fittest Place :
 Without their Keeper, you had better chuse
 To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke loose,

* *Empedocles.*

Than these wild savage Rhimers in the Street,
Who with their Verses worry all they meet :
In vain you would release yourself ; so close
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting loose.
Remorseless they, to no Entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhuman Nonsense kill'd.

A N I M I T A T I O N

O F

H O R A C E.

BOOK I. SATIRE IX.

Written in *June*, 1681.*Ibum forte via sacra, &c.*

As I was was walking in the *Mall*, of late,
 Alone, and musing on I know not what,
 Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
 Knew by his Name, and rudely seizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age or two?
 " *Well, I thank God (said I) as Times are now:*
 " *I wish the same to you.*" And so pass'd on,
 Hoping, with this, the Coxcomb would be gone.
 But when I saw I could not thus get free,
 I ask'd, What Business else he had with me?
 Sir, answer'd he, *if Learning, Parts, or Sense*
Merits your Friendship, I have just Pretence;

" *I honour you (said I) upon that Score,*

" *And shall be glad to serve you to my Power."*

Meantime, while to get loose I try all Ways
To shake him off; Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes stand still: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my Back, as in the *Bagnio* sweat:
And shew all kind of Signs to make him guess
At my Impatience and Uneasiness.

" *Happy the Folk in Newgate (whisper'd I)*

" *Who, tho' in Chains, are from this Torment free:*

" *Wou'd I were like rough Manly in the Play*,*

" *To send Impertinents with Kicks away!*

He all the while baits me with tedious Chat,
Speaks much about the Drought, and how the Rate }
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:

Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth or Plague,
Names every Wench that passes through the Park,
What her Allowance is, and who the Spark
That keeps her: Points who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom-porters* had Ill.hap
Three Nights ago, in Play with such a Lord:
When he observ'd I minded not a Word, }
And did no Answer to his Trash afford;

* *The Plain Dealer*. A Comedy by Mr. *Wycherley*.

*Sir, I perceive you stand on Thorns, said he,
 And fain would part; but faith it must not be:
 Come, let us take a Bottle. I cry'd, "No;
 "Sir, I am in a Course, and dare not now."
 Then tell me whither you desire to go,
 I'll wait upon you. "Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:
 "I visit cross the Water, therefore spare
 "Your needle's Trouble," Trouble! Sir, 'tis none:
 'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.
 I have no present Business to attend,
 At least, which I'll not quit for such a Friend:
 Tell me not of the Distance, for I vow
 I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,
 Good faith I will not leave you: Make no Words:
 Go you to Lambeth? Is it to my Lord's?
 His Steward I most intimately know,
 Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.
 By this I found my Wheedle would not pass,
 But rather serv'd my Suff'rings to increase:
 And seeing 'twas in vain to vex or fret,
 I patiently submitted to my Fate.*

*Strait he begins again: Sir, if you knew
 My Worth but half so thoroughly as I do;
 I'm sure you would not value any Friend
 You have like me: But that I wont commend*

*Myself, and my own Talents ; I might tell
 How many Ways to wonder I excel.
 None has a greater Gift in Poetry,
 Or writes more Verses with more Ease than I :
 I'm grown the Envy of the Men of Wit,
 I kill'd ev'n Rochester with Grief and Spite :
 Next, for the dancing Part, I all surpass,
 St. Andrew never mov'd with such a Grace :
 And 'tis well known, whene'er I sing, or set,
 Humphreys, nor Blow, could ever match me yet.*

Here I got room to interrupt : " Have you
 " A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now ?"
 Not one : They are all dead. " Troth so I guesst :
 " The happier they (said I) who are at rest :
 " Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet :
 " Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite :
 " For I am well convinc'd my Time is come :
 " When I was young, a Gypsy told my Doom :"
 This Lad, said she, and look'd upon my Hand,
 Shall not by Sword or Poison come to's End,
 Nor by the Fever, Dropsy, Gout, or Stone,
 But he shall die by an eternal Tongue :
 Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,
 Let him avoid great Talkers I advise.

By this Time we were got to Westminster,
 Where he, by chance, a Trial had to hear,

And, if he were not there, his Cause must fail :

Sir, if you love me, step into the Hall

For one half Hour. "The Devil take me now,

"Said I, if I know any thing of Law :

"Besides, I told you whither I'm to go."

Hereat he made a Stand, pull'd down his Hat

Over his Eyes, and mus'd in deep Debate :

I'm in a Straight, says he, what I shall do,

Whether forsake my Business, Sir, or you.

"Me, by all Means," say I. No, says my Sor,

I fear you'll take it ill, if I should do't :

I'm sure you will. "Not I, by all that's good,"

But I've more Breeding than to be so rude.

Pray don't neglect your own Concerns for me :

"Your Cause, good Sir!" My Cause be damn'd, says he,

I value't less than your dear Company.

With this he came up to me, and would lead

The Way; I sneaking after, hung my Head.

Next, he begins to plague me with the Plot,

Asks, Whether I was known to Oates *, or not ?

* Titus Oates, in August, 1678, accuses several Noblemen, &c. as being concerned in a Conspiracy against the King's Life,—afterwards called the Popish Plot;—and in 1685 he was indicted for Perjury, and sentenced and punished accordingly.

" Not I, thank Heaven! I no Priest have been;
 " Have never Doway, nor St. Omers seen."
What think you, Sir, will they the Joyner try!*
Will he die, think you? " Yes, most certainly,"
I mean, be hang'd. " Wou'd thou wert so," wish'd I. }
 Religion came in next; tho' he'ad no more,
 Than th' noble Peer, his Whore, or Confessor,
Oh, the sad Times, if once the King should die!
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery? }
 " No more than my Superiors: Why should I?
 " Come Popery, come any thing, thought I,
 " So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee:
 " But 'tis some Comfort that my Hell is here;
 " I need no Punishment hereafter fear."
 Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew;
How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace and you?
 " Sir, he's a Man of Sense, above the Crowd,
 " And shuns the Converse of a Multitude."
Ay, Sir, says he, you're happy who are near
His Grace, and have the Favour of his Ear:
But let me tell you, if you'll recommend
This person here, your Point will soon be gain'd.
Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own single Wit
Don't fob his Minions, and displace 'em quite;
And make yourself his only Favourite. }

* Stephen College, alias the Protestant Joiner.

“ No, you are out abundantly, said I,
 “ We live not as you think : No Family,
 “ Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free
 “ From those ill Customs which are us’d to swarm
 “ In great Mens Houses ; none e’er does me harm,
 “ Because more learn’d, or more rich than I ;
 “ But each Man keeps his Place, and his Degree.”
 ’Tis mighty strange, says he, what you relate,
 “ But nothing truer, take my Word for that.”

You make me long to be admitted too
 Amongst his Creatures : Sir, I beg that you
 Will stand my Friend : Your Interest is such,
 You may prevail, I’m sure you can do much ;
 He’s one that may be won upon, I’ve heard,
 Tho’ at the first Approach Access be hard.
 I’ll spare no Trouble of my own, or Friends,
 No Cost in Fees and Bribes to gain my Ends :
 I’ll seek all Opportunities to meet
 With him, accost him in the very Street :
 Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
 Fawn, scrape, and cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
 Faith, Sir, this must be done, if we’ll be great ;
 Preferment comes not at a cheaper Rate.

While at this savage Rate he worried me,
 By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend, came by,

That knew the Fellow's Humour passing well :
 Glad of the Sight, I join him ; we stand still :
Whence came you, Sir ! and whither go you now ?
 And such like Questions past betwixt us two :
 Strait I begin to pull him by the Sleeve,
 Nod, wink upon him, touch my Nose, and give
 A thousand Hints, to let him know that I
 Needed his Help for my Delivery :
 He, naughty Wag, with an arch, fleering Smile,
 Seems ignorant of what I mean the while ;
 I grow stark wild with Rage. “ Sir, said not you,
 “ *You'd somewhat to discourse, not long ago,*
 “ *With me in private ? I remember't well.*”
Some other Time be sure, I will not fail :
Now I am in great Haste, upon my Word :
A Messenger came for me from a Lord,
That's in a bad Condition, like to die,
 “ Oh ! Sir, he can't be in a worse than I,
 “ *Therefore, for God's sake, do not stir from hence.*”
Sweet Sir ! your Pardon, 'tis of Consequence :
I hope you're kinder than to press my Stay,
Which may be, Heaven knows what, out of my Way.

This said, he left me to my Muderer :
 Seeing no Hopes of my Relief appear :
 “ *Confounded be the Stars (said I) that sway'd*
 “ *This fatal Day, would I had kept my Bed*

*" With Sicknefs, rather than be vifited
" With this worfe Plague! what Ill have I e'er done,
" To pull this Curfe, this heavy Judgment down?"*

While I was thus lamenting my ill Hap,
Comes Aaid at length: A Brace of Bailiffs clap
The Rascal on the Back: "*Here, take your Fees,*

" Kind Gentlemen (faid I) for my Release."

He would have had me Bail. "*Excuse me, Sir,*

" I've made a Vow ne'er to be Surety more:

" My Father was undone by't heretofore."

Thus I got off, and blefs'd the Fates that he
Was Pris'ner made, I fet at Liberty.

P A R A P H R A S E
 U P O N
 H O R A C E.
 B O O K I. O D E XXXI.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 Vates ? &c.——*

What does the Poet's modest Wish require ?
 What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n desire ?
 Not the large Crops of *Essex*'s goodly Soil,
 Which tire the Mower's and the Reaper's Toil ;
 Not the soft Flocks on hilly *Cotswold* fed,
 Nor *Lempster* Fields, with living Fleeces clad :
 He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
 Or swifter *Severn*, spread their fat'ning Streams.

Where they with wanton Windings play,
 And eat their widen'd Banks Insensibly away :
 He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-Street*,
 Which Consciences and Souls are pawn'd to get :
 Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,
 Which *Guinea* and *Peru* in their rich Bosoms hold.

Let those that live in the *Canary* Isles,
On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
Take pleasure in their plenteous Vintages,
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press :
Let wealthy Merchants, when they dine,
Run o'er their costly Names of Wine,
Their Chests of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Albine*,
Their *Nants*, *Champaigns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Bachrach*, and *Mosel* :
He envies not their Luxury,
Which they with so much Pains and Danger buy :
For which so many Storms and Wrecks they bear,
For which they pass the *Streights* so oft each Year,
And 'scape so narrowly the Bondage of *Algier*.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,
Nor Dainties fetch'd from far, to please his Sense,
Cheap wholesome Herbs content his frugal Board,
The Food of unfaul'n Innocence,
Which the mean'st Village-Garden does afford :
Grant him, kind Heav'n the Sum of his Desires,
What Nature, not what Luxury requires :
He only does a Competency claim,
And when he has it, Wit to use the same :
Grant him sound Health, impair'd by no Disease,
Nor by his own Excess :

Let him in Strength of Mind and Body live.
But not his Reason or his Sense survive:
His Age (if Age he e'er must live to see)
Let it from Want, Contempt, and Care be free,
But not from Mirth, and the Delights of Poetry:
Grant him but this, he's amply satisfy'd,
And scorns whatever Fate can give beside.

P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N

H O R A C E.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.*

Alas! dear Friend, alas! Time hastes away,
Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay:
The rolling Years with constant Motion run;
Lo! while I speak, the present Minute's gone,
And following Hours still urge the foregoing on,
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power
'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure:
They're all too feeble to withstand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoiders End.
When once thy Glass is run,
When once thy utmost Thread is spun,
'Twill then be fruitless to expect Reprieve:
Couldst thou ten thousand Kingdoms give,
In purchase for each Hour of longer Life,

48 PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE.

They would not buy one Gasp of Breath,
Not move one Jot inexorable Death.

All the vast Stock of human Progeny,
Which now, like Swarms of Insects, crawl,
Upon the Surface of Earth's spacious Ball,
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.

The mightiest King, and proudest Potentate,
In spite of all his Pomp, and all his State,
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate.

The busy, restless *Monarch* of the World, which now
Keeps such a pother, and so much ado,
To fill Gazettes alive,

And after, in some lying Animal to survive;
Ev'n he, ev'n that great mortal Man must die,
And stink, and rot, as well as thou and I,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs his Bread,
And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed.

In vain from Dangers of the bloody Field we keep,
In vain do we escape

The sultry *Line*, and stormy *Cape*,
And all the Treacheries of the faithless Deep:
In vain for Health to foreign Countries we repair,
And change our *English* for *Montpelier* Air,
In hope to leave our Fears of dying there;

In vain with costly far-fetch'd Drugs we strive
To keep the wasting vital Lamp alive :

In vain on Doctor's feeble Art rely :

Against resistless Death there is no Remedy.

Both we and they, for all their Skill, must die,
And fill alike the Bead-Rolls of Mortality.

Thou must, thou must resign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy House, thy Wife, and Family behind :

Thou must thy fair and goodly Manors leave,
Of these thy Trees thou shalt not with thee take,
Save just as much as will thy Coffin make :

Nor wilt thou be allowed, of all thy Land, to have
But the small Pittance of a six-foot Grave.

Then shall thy prodigal young Heir
Lavish the Wealth, which thou for many a Year,
Hast hoarded up with so much Pains and Care :

Then shall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept sacred now as Vaults of buried Ancestors :

Shall set th' enlarged Butts at liberty,

Which there close Pris'ners under Durance lie,
And wash these stately Floors with better Wine,
Than that of consecrated Prelates when they dine.

T H E

P R A I S E O F H O M E R,

A N O D E.

Hail, God of Verse! pardon that thus I take in vain
 Thy sacred everlasting Name,
 And in unhallowed Lines blaspheme :
 Pardon, that with strange Fire thy Altars I profane.
 Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith
 submit,
 Whom we acknowledge our sole Text, and holy Writ :
 None other Judge infallible we own,
 But thee, who art the Canon of authentic Wit alone.
 Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
 Sprung first, and still do flow, th'eternal Rills of Sense :
 To none but thee our Art divine we owe,
 From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too.
 Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever dost supply,
 Throughout the World the whole poetic Company :

With thy vast Stock alone they traffic for a Name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the Coasts
of Fame.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on thee?
Who can the senseless Tale believe;
Who can to the false Legend Credit give?
Or think thou wanted'st Sight, by whom all others see?
What Land, or Region, how remote soe'er,
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts
appear,

That each thy native Country seems to be,
And each to've been survey'd, and measur'd out by
thee?

Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;

Whate'er the spacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil so exactly shown,
We scarce discern where thou or Nature best has drawn;
Nor is thy quick, all-piercing Eye,

Or check'd, or bounded here:
But farther does surpass, and farther does descry,
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year.

Beyond this glorious Scene of starry Tapestry,
Where the vast Purlieus of the Sky,
And boundless Waste of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'st, and bold Discoveries.
What there the Gods in Parliament debate,
What Votes or Acts i'th' heav'nly Houses pass,
By thee so well communicated was ;
As if thou'dst been of that Cabal of State,
As if thou hadst been sworn the Privy-Counsellor of
Fate.

What Chief who does thy Warrior's great Exploits
survey,
Will not aspire to Deeds as great as they :
What generous Readers would he not inspire,
With the same gallant Heat, the same ambitious Fire ?
Methinks from *Ida's* Top, with noble Joy, I view
The warlike Squadrons, by his daring Conduct led ;
I see th'immortal Host, engaging on his Side,
And him the blushing Gods outdo,
Where'er he does, his dreadful Standards bear,
Horror stalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rear.
Whole Swarms of Enemies his Sword does mow,
And Limbs of mangled Chiefs his Passage strow :
And Floods of reeking Gore the Field o'erflow :

THE PRAISE OF HOMER. 53

While Heav'n's dread Monarch from his Throne of
State,

With high Concern upon the Fight looks down,
And wrinkles his majestic Brow into a Frown,
To see bold Man, like him, distribute Fate.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age grew,
Nor yet, by Charter of his Years, set free
From Guardians, and their slavish Tyranny,
No Tutor but the Budge-Philosophers he knew :
And well enough the grave and useful Tools
Might serve to read him Lectures, and to please
With unintelligible Jargons of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges :
They might the Art of Prating and of Brawling
teach,

And some insipid Homilies of Virtue preach :
But when the mighty Pupil had outgrown
Their musty Discipline, when manlier Thoughts
possess'd

His generous princely Breast,
Now ripe for Empire and a Crown,
And fill'd with Lust of Honour and Renown ;
He then learnt to contemn
The despicable Things, the Men of Phlegm :

Strait he to the dull Pedants gave Release, .
And a more noble Master strait took place :
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warrior so could'st praise,
 As might in him just Envy raise,
 Who (one would think) had been himself too high
To envy any thing of all Mortality,
 'Twas thou that taught'st him Lessons loftier far,
 The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War :
 And wond'rous was the Progress which he made,
 While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read :
The world too narrow for his boundless Conquests
 grew,
 He conquer'd one, and wish'd, and wept for new :
 From thence he did those Miracles produce,
And fought, and vanquish'd by the Conduct of a
 Muse.

No wonder rival Nations quarrel'd for thy Birth,
 A Prize of greater and of higher Worth,
 Than that for which thy mighty Hero fought,
And *Troy*, with ten Years War, and its Destruction,
 bought.
Well did they think it noble to have bore that Name,
Which the whole World would with Ambition claim ;
 Well did thy Temples raise
To thee, at whom Nature herself stood in Amaze,

A Work she never tried to mend, nor cou'd :
In which mistaking Man, by chance, she form'd a
God.

How gladly would our willing *Iſle* resign
Her fab'lous *Arthur*, and her boasted *Constantine*,
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
And quit the Honour of their Births, to be inſur'd to
thine ?

How juſtly might it the wiſe Choice approve,
Prouder in this, than *Crete* to have brought forth al-
mighty *Jove* ?

Unhappy we, thy *Britiſh* Offspring here,
Who ſtrive, by thy great Model, Monuments to rear:
In vain for worthleſs Fame we toil,
Who're pent in the ſtraight Limits of a narrow *Iſle* :
In vain our Force and Art we ſpend,
With noble Labours, to enrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shores vouchſafe to under-
ſtand :
Be the fair Structure ne'er ſo well defin'd,
The Parts with ne'er ſo much Proportion join'd ;
Yet foreign Bards (ſuch is their Pride or Prejudice)
All the choice Workmanſhip, for the materials ſake,
deſpiſe.

56 THE PRAISE OF HOMER.

But happier thou, the Genius did dispense
 In Language universal as thy Sense :
 All the rich Bullion, which thy sovereign Stamp
 does wear
 On every Coast, of Wit, does equal Value bear,
 Allow'd by all, and current every where.
 No Nation yet has been so barb'rous found,
 Where thy transcendent Worth was not renown'd.
 Throughout the World, thou art with Wonder read,
 Wherever Learning does its commerce spread,
 Wherever Fame with all her Tongues can speak,
 Wherever the bright God of Wit does his vast Jour-
 nies take.

Happy above Mankind that envy'd Name,
 Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme ;
 What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven bestow
 On its chief Favourite below ?
 What nobler Trophy could his high Deserts besit,
 Than these thy vast erected Pyramids of Wit ?
 Not Statues cast in solid Brass,
 Nor those which Art in breathing Marble does ex-
 press,
 Can boast an equal Life, or Lastingness,
 With their well-polish'd Images, which claim
 A Niche in thy majestic Monuments of Fame.

Here their embalm'd, incorruptible Memories
Can proudest *Louures* and *Eſcurials* deſpiſe,
And all the needleſs Helps of *Egypt's* coſtly Vanities.

No Blaſts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,
Not all the waſhing Tides of rolling Years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring Time ſhall e'er wear out
The great Inſcriptions which thy Hand has wrought,
Here thou and they ſhall live, and bear an endleſs Date,
Firm as inroll'd in the eternal Register of Fate:

For ever curſt be that mad Emperor,
 (And curſt enough he is, be ſure)
May future Poets on his hated Name
Shed all their Gall and fouleſt Infamy,
And may it here ſtand branded with eternal Shame,
 Who thought thy Works could mortal be,
And ſought the glorious Fabric to deſtroy:
In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Successor* he had outgone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Aſhes laid,
And the great Ruins with a ſavage Joy ſurvey'd:
He burnt but what might be rebuilt, and richer
 made.

But had the impious Wiſh ſucceeded here,
'Thad rais'd what Age, nor Art could e'er repair.

Not that vaſt univerſal Flame,
 Which, at the final Doom,
This beauteous Work of Nature muſt conſume,

And Heav'n, and all its Glories, in one Urn intomb,
Will burn a nobler or more lasting Frame :
As firm and strong as that it shall endure
Thro' all the Injuries of Time secure,
Nor die till the whole World its Funeral Pile become.

B I O N.

A

P A S T O R A L.

*In Imitation of the Greek of Moschus, bewailing the
Death of the Earl of ROCHESTER. Anno 1680.*

Mourn all ye Groves, in darker Shades be seen :
 Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been :
 Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
 And all ye Plants, your Moisture spend, and die :
 Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
 Lament until you be transform'd again :
 Let every Rose pale as the Lily be,
 And Winter Frost seize the Anemone :
 But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow,
 In mournful Letters thy sad Glory show,
 Enlarge thy Grief, and flourish in thy Woe :
 For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion's* dead,
 His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Mourn, ye sweet Nightingales, in thickest Woods,
Tell the sad News to all the *British* Floods:

See it to *Isis*, and to *Cam* convey'd,

To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmost *Tweed* :

And bid them waft their bitter Tidings on,
How *Bion*'s dead, how the lov'd *Swain* is gone,
And with him all the Art of graceful Song. }

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with sad Grief, and droop your sickly Wings :

In doleful Notes the heavy loss bewail,
Such as you sing at your own Funeral,
Such as you sing when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell. }

Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains ;

Tell it to all the *British* Nymphs and Swains,

And bid them too the dismal Tidings spread,

Of *Bion*'s Fate, of *England*'s *Orpheus* dead.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain

Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wond'ring Plain :

Ceas'd are those Lays, ceas'd are those sprightly Airs,

That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears :

For which the list'ning Streams forgot to run,

And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down :

While the glad Hills loth the sweet Sounds to lose,
Lengthen'd in Echoes every heav'nly Close.

Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe's* Banks reports his Moan :
Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
But pensive Herds that for their Master lowe :
Straggling and comfortless about they rove,
Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd Son,
Does *Phæbus* Clouds of mourning Black put on :
For thee the *Satyrs* and the rustic *Fauns*
Sigh and lament thro' all the Woods and Lawns :
For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and cease to dance
In sportful Rings, by Night, upon the Plains :
The *Water-Nymphs* alike thy Absence mourn,
And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn :
Sad *Echo* too does in deep Silence moan,
Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown :
She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
Now thy sweet Breath's stopt by untimely Fate :
Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall :
Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd Head,
And scorns to thrive or live, now thou art dead :

Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
 The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil :
 Alas ! what boots it now their Hives to store,
 With the rich Spoils of every plunder'd Flower
 When Thou, that wast all Sweetness, art no more ?

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore,
 In such loud Complaints utter their Grief before :
 Never, in such sad Notes, did *Philomel*
 To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell :
 Ne'er on the Beech did poor *Alcyone*
 So weep, when she her floating Lover saw :
 Nor that dead Lover to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
 Upon those Waves where he was drown'd so mourn'd :
 Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with such Grief,
 Bedew those Ashes which late gave him life :
 As they did now with vying Grief bewail,
 As they did all lament dear *Bion's* Fall :

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

In every Wood, on every Tree and Bush,
 The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng,
 In list'ning Flocks, to learn his well-tun'd Song ;

Now each in the sad Confort bear a Part,
 And with kind Notes repay their Teacher's Art:
 Ye Turtles too, I charge you here assist,
 Let not your Murmurs in the Crowd be mist:
 To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
 That taught you how to sing, and how to love.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
 That dares aspire to reach thy matchless Strain?
 Who is there, after thee, that dares pretend,
 Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in Hand?
 Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every Ear,
 And give us all Delight, and all Despair:
 Pleas'd *Echo* still does on them meditate,
 And to the whistling Reeds their Sounds repeat,
Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song,
 That Task does only to great *Pan* belong:
 But *Pan* himself, perhaps, will fear to try,
 Will fear, perhaps, to be outdone by thee.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy Death,
 Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful Breath:
 Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore,
 To hear thy artful Measures from the Shore:

Not harsh, like the rude *Cyclops*, were thy Lays,
Whose grating Sounds did her soft Ears displease :
Such was the Force of thy enchanting Tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy Song,
And chid the Hours that did so swiftly run,
And thought the Sun too hasty to go down,
Now does the lovely *Nereid*, for thy Sake,
The Sea, and all her Fellow-Nymphs forsake :
Pensive upon the Beach she sits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt
gone.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

With thee, sweet *Bion*, all the Grace of Song,
And all the *Muses* boasted Art is gone :
Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,
Whose Pow'r no Shepherdess could e'er withstand :
All the soft weeping Loves above thee moan,
At once their Mother's Darling, and their own :
Dearer wast thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the last gasping Kisses, which, in Death,
Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.
This, *Thames*, ah ! this is now the second Loss,
For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows :

Spenser, the Muses Glory, went before,
 He pass'd long since to the *Elysian* Shore :
 For him (they say) for him thy dear beloved Son,
 Thy Waves did long in sobbing Murmurs groan,
 Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan : }
 But now, alas! thou dost afresh bewail,
 Another Son does now thy Sorrow call :
 To part with either, thou alike wast loth,
 Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both :
 He largely drank the Rills of sacred *Cam*,
 And this no less of *Ifis* nobler Stream :
 He sung of Heroes, and of hardy Knights,
 Far fam'd in Battles, and renown'd Exploits :
 This meddled not with bloody Fights and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless Jars, }
 Love's peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.
 Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
 And his soft Lays did *Venus* ever please.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Thou, sacred *Bion*, art lamented more
 Than all our tuneful Bards that dy'd before :
 Old *Chaucer*, who first taught the Use of Verse,
 No longer has the Tribute of our Tears :
Milton, whose Muse with such a daring Flight
 Led out the warring *Seraphims* to Fight :

Blest *Cowley* too, who on the Banks of *Cam*,
 So sweetly sigh'd his Wrongs, and told his Flame :
 And *he* *, whose Song rais'd *Cooper's* Hill so high,
 As made its Glory with *Parnassus* vie ;
 And soft *Orinda* †, whose bright shining Name,
 Stands next great *Sappho's* in the Ranks of Fame :
 All now unwept and unlamented pass,
 And, in our Grief, no longer share a Place :
Bion alone does all our Tears ingross,
 Our Tears are all too few for *Bion's* Loss.

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.
 Thee, all the Herdsmen mourn, in gentlest Lays,
 And rival one another in thy Praise :
 In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name
 On every Bark that's worthy of the same :
 Thy Name is warbled forth by every Tongue,
 Thy Name the Burden of each Shepherd's Song :
Waller, sweetest of living Bards, prepares
 For thee his tender'ft and his mournfull'ft Airs,
 And I, the meanest of the *British* Swains,
 Amongst the rest, offer these humble Strains :
 If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,
 'Tis what I owe, to thy all-teaching Tongue :

* *Sir John Denham.*

† *Mrs. Katherine Philips.*

Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful Breath,
 Thou didst, by Will, to worthless me bequeath;
 Others, thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
 To me thou didst thy Pipe and Skill vouchsafe.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-failing Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,
 Were we to so severe a Lot design'd?

The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,
 The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,
 Which must ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
 Shall spring again, again more vig'rous grow:

Yon Sun, and this bright Glory of the Day,
 Which Night is hasting now to snatch away,
 Shall rise anew, more shining and more gay:

But wretched we must harder Measure find,
 The greatest, bravest, wittiest of Mankind;
 When Death has once put out their Light, in vain
 Ever expect the Dawn of Life again:

In the dark Grave insensibly they lie,
 And there sleep out endless Eternity.

There thou to Silence ever art confin'd,
 While less deserving Swains are left behind:

So please the Fates to deal with us below,
 They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:

Mævius still lives, still let him live for me,
 He and his Pipe shall ne'er my Envy be :
 None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy artful Tongue,
 Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
 Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and stopt his hallow'd Breath :
 A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
 That sacred Heat, which did his Breath inspire :
 Ah! what malignant Ill could boast that Power
 Which his sweet Voice's Magic could not cure ?
 Ah cruel Fate! how couldst thou chuse but spare ?
 How could'st thou exercise thy Rigour here ?
 Would thou hadst thrown thy Dart at worthless me,
 And let this dear, this valu'd Life go free :
 Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,
 Than this best Work of Nature been destroy'd.

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Hearse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence ;
 But Grief shall do the Work, and save its Pains :
 Grief shall accomplish my desir'd Doom,
 And soon dispatch me to *Elysium* :
 There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
 How with thy Voice thou charm'st the Shades below.

Sing, Shepherd, sing, one of thy Strains divine,
 Such as may melt the fierce *Elyfan* Queen :
 She once herself was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
 And sung and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains :
 Fear not thy Song should unsuccessful prove,
 Fear not but 'twill the pitying Goddess move :
 She once was won by *Orpheus*' heav'nly Lays,
 And gave his fair *Eurydice* Release.
 And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain,)
 Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again,
 Ev'n I myself, did I at all excel,
 Would try the utmost of my Voice and Skill,
 Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

}

THE
L A M E N T A T I O N
FOR
A D O N I S.

Initiated out of the GREEK of BION of SMYRNA,

P A S T O R A L.

I mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely with him fled :
Come, all ye Loves, come hither, and bemoan
The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone :
Rise from thy purple Bed, and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay Attire, great Queen of Love ;
Henceforth in sad and mournful Weeds appear,
And all the Marks of Grief and Sorrow wear,
And tear thy Locks, and beat thy panting Breast,
And cry, *My dear Adonis, is deceas'd.*
I mourn *Adonis*, the soft Loves bemoan,
The gentle sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
 Kill'd by a savage Boar's unpitying Tooth :
 In his white Thigh the fatal Stroke is found,
 Nor whiter was the Tooth that gave the Wound :
 From the wide Wound fast flows the streaming Gore,
 And stains the Skin, which was all Snow before :
 His Breath, with quick short Tremblings, comes and
 goes,

And Death his fainting Eyes begins to close :
 From his pale Lips the ruddy Colour's fled,
 Fled, and has left his Kisses cold and dead :
 Yet *Venus* never will his Kisses leave,
 The Goddesses ever to his Lips we cleave :
 The Kifs of her dear Youth does please her still,
 But her poor Youth does not the Pleasure feel :
 Dead, he feels not her Love, feels not her Grief,
 Feels not her Kifs, which might ev'n Life retrieve.

I mourn *Adonis*, the sad Loves bemoan,
 The comely fair *Adonis*, dead and gone.
 Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart,
 But deeper far it goes in *Venus*' Heart ;
 His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,
 And the hard Fate of their dead Master tell :
 The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful Strains,
 Proclaim his Death thro' all the Fields and Plains :

But the sad Goddess, most of all forlorn,
 With Love distracted, and with Sorrow torn ;
 Wild in her Look, and rueful in her Air,
 With Garments rent, and with dishevel'd Hair,
 Thro' Brakes, thro' Thickets, and thro' pathless
 Ways,

Thro' Woods, thro' Haunts, and Dens of Savages,
 Undrest, unshod, careless of Honour, Fame,
 And Danger, flies, and calls on his lov'd Name :
 Rude Brambles, as she goes, her Body tear,
 And her cut Feet with Blood her Stones besmear.
 She, thoughtless of the unfelt Smart, flies on,
 And fills the Woods and Valleys with her Moan.

Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
 And prays they'd give *Adonis* back again :
 But he, alas ! the wretched Youth, alas !
 Lies cold and stiff, extended on the Grass :
 There lies he steep'd in Gore, there lies he drown'd
 In purple Streams, that gush from his own wound.

All the soft Band of Loves their Mother mourn,
 At once of Beauty and of Love forlorn.

Venus has lost her Lover, and each Grace,
 That sat before in Triumph in her Face,
 By Grief chas'd thence, has now forsook the Place. }
 That Day, which snatch'd *Adonis* from her Arms,
 That Day bereft the Goddess of her Charms.

The Woods and Trees in murmuring Sighs bemoan
The Fate of fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
His Death, with Grief swell higher than before :
The Flowers weep in Tears of dreary Dew,
And, by their drooping Heads, their Sorrow shew :
But most the *Cyprian* Queen, with Shrieks and Groans,
Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and Towns :
The poor Adonis dead ! is all her Cry ;
Adonis dead ! sad *Echo* does reply.

What cruel Heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting Tears and soft Compassion move,
When she saw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep Wound, saw it incurable ;
Soon as her Eyes his bleeding Wound survey'd,
With eager Clips she did his Limbs invade,
And these soft, tender, mournful Things she said : }

“ Whither, O whither fly'st thou, wretched Boy ?
“ Stay, my *Adonis*, stay, my only Joy :
“ O stay, unhappy Youth, at least till I,
“ With one kind Word, bespeak thee ere thou die.
“ Till I once more embrace thee, till I seal
“ Upon thy dying Lips my last Farewel.
“ Look up one Minute, give one parting Kiss,
“ One Kiss, dear Youth, to dry these flowing Eyes :

- “ One Kiss, as thy last Legacy, I’d fain
“ Preserve, no God shall take it off again.
“ Kiss, while I watch thy swimming Eye-balls roul,
“ Watch thy last Gasp, and catch thy springing Soul.
“ I’ll suck it in, I’ll hoard it in my Heart,
“ I with that sacred Pledge will never part.
“ But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone,
“ To the dark Shades; and leav’st me here alone,
“ Thou dy’st, but hopeless I must suffer Life,
“ Must pine away, with easeless, endless Grief.
“ Why was I born a Goddess; why was I
“ Made such a Wretch, to want the Power to die?
“ If I, by Death, my Sorrows must redress,
“ If the cold Grave could not my Pains give Ease,
“ I’d gladly die, I’d rather nothing be,
“ Than thus condemn’d to Immortality:
“ In that vast empty Void, and boundless Waste,
“ We mind not what’s to come, nor what is past,
“ Of Life or Death we know no Difference,
“ Nor Hopes, nor Fears, at all affect our Sense:
“ But those who are of Pleasure once bereft,
“ And must survive, are most unhappy left:
“ To rav’nous Sorrow they are left a Prey,
“ Nor can they ever drive Despair away.
“ Take, cruel *Proserpine*, take my lov’d Boy,
“ Rich with my Spoils, do thou my Loss enjoy.

- " Take him, relentless Goddess, for thy own,
 " Never, till now, wast thou my Envy grown.
 " Hard Fate! that thus the best of things must be
 " Always the Plunder of the Grave and thee :
 " The Grave, and thou, now all my Hopes engross,
 " And I for ever must *Adonis* lose ;
 " Thou'rt dead, alas ! alas ! my Youth, thou'rt dead,
 " And with thee all my Pleasures too are fled ;
 " They're all like fleeting vanish'd Dreams pass'd
 " o'er,
 " And nought, but the Remembrance, left in Store,
 " Of tasted Joys, ne'er to be tasted more :
 " With thee, my *Sestos*, all my Charms are gone,
 " Thy *Venus* must thy Absence ever moan,
 " And spend the tedious, live-long Night alone.
 " Ah ! heedless Boy, why wouldst thou rashly chuse
 " Thyself to dangerous Pleasures to expose ?
 " Why wouldst thou hunt ? why wouldst thou any
 " more
 " Venture, with Dogs, to chace the foaming Boar !
 " Thou wast all fair to mine, to human Eyes,
 " But not, alas ! to those mild Savages.
 " One would have thought thy Sweetness might have
 " charm'd
 " The roughest Kind, the fiercest Rage disarm'd :

76 THE LAMENTATION.

“ Mine, I am sure, it could; but woe is thee !

“ All were not Eyes, all were not Breasts, like me.

In such sad Words the Dame her Grief did vent,
While the wing'd Loves kept time with her Complaint :

As many Drops of Blood, as from the Wound
Of slain *Adonis*, fell upon the Ground,
So many Tears, and more, you might have told,
That down the Cheeks of weeping *Venus* roll'd :
Both Tears and Blood, to new-born Flow'rs give rise,
Hence Roses spring, and thence Anemonies.

Cease, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
Thou'st vented Sighs, thou'st lavish'd Tears enough :
See, Goddess, where a glorious Bed of State
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait :

This Bed was once the Scene of Love and Joy,
But now must bear the wretched murdered Boy :
There lies he, like a pale and wither'd Flower,
Which some rude Hand had cropt before its Hour :
Yet Smiles, and Beauties still live in his Face,
Which Death can never frighten from their Place,
There let him lie upon that conscious Bed,
Where you Love's Misteries so oft have tried :
Where you've enjoy'd so many a happy Night,
Each lengthen'd into Ages of Delight.

There let him lie, there Heaps of Flowers strow,
 Roses and Lilies store upon him throw,
 And Myrtle Garlands lavishly bestow :
 Pour Myrrhe, and Balm, and costliest Ointments on,
 Flowers are faded, Ointments worthless grown,
 Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,
 Who was all Sweetness compriz'd in one.

In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in State,
 A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait :
 Each does some Mark of their kind Sorrow show,
 One breaks his Shafts, t'other unstrings his Bow,
 A third upon his Quiver wreaks his Hate,
 As the sad Causes of his hasty Fate :
 This plucks his bloody Garments off, that brings
 Water in Vessels from the neighb'ring Springs :
 Some wash his Wounds, some fan him with their
 Wings.

All equally their Mother's Loss bemoan,
 All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.
 Sad *Hymen* too, the fatal Loss does mourn,
 His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
 And all his wither'd nuptial Garlands burn :
 His gay and airy Songs are heard no more,
 But mournful Strains that hopeless Love deplore.
 Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a Part
 With wretched *Venus*, in her Pain and Smart.

78 THE LAMENTATION, &c.

The poor Adonis dead! by turns they cry,
And strive in Grief the Goddesses to outvie.
The *Muses* too in softest Lays bewail
The hapless Youth, and his fled Soul recal :
But all in vain!—ah! Numbers are too weak
To call the lost, the dead *Adonis* back :
Not all the Pow'rs of Verse, or Charms of Love,
The deaf, remorseless *Proserpine* * can move.

Cease then, sad Queen of Love, thy Complaints give o'er,
Till the next Year reserve thy Grief in Store :
Reserve thy Sighs and Tears in Store till then,
Then thou must sigh, then thou must weep again.

* Wife of *Pluto*, Queen of the Poet's Hell.

P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N T H E

CXXXVIIth P S A L M.

V. I. Far from our pleasant native *Palestine*,
 Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty Current flows,
 And does in watry Limits *Babylon* confine,
 Curs'd *Babylon!* the Cause and Author of our Woes :
 There, on the River's Side,
 Sat wretched captive we,
 And in sad Tears bewail'd our Misery.
 Tears whose vast Store increas'd the neighb'ring
 Tide :
 We wept, and straight our Grief before us brought
 A thousand distant Objects to our Thought,
 As oft as we survey'd the gliding Stream,
 Lov'd *Jordan* did our sad Remembrance claim :
 As oft as we th'adjoining City view'd,
 Dear *Sion's* razed Walls our Grief renew'd :

We thought on all the Pleasures of our happy Land,
 Late ravish'd by a cruel Conqu'ror's Hand :
 We thought on every piteous, every mournful Thing,
 That might Excess to our enlarged Sorrows bring.

2. Deep Silence told the Greatness of our Grief,
 Of Grief too great, by Vent to find Relief :
 Our Harps as mute and dumb as we,
 Hang useless and neglected by,
 And now and then a broken String would lend a Sigh,
 As if with us they felt a Sympathy,
 And mourn'd their own; and our Captivity :
 The gentle River too, as if compass'nate grown,
 As 'twould its Natives Cruelty atone,
 As it pass'd by, in Murmurs, gave a pitying Groan.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us Chains,
 Who all our Suff'rings and Misfortunes gave,
 Did with rude Insolence our Sorrows brave,
 And with insulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains :
*Play us (said they) some brisk and airy Strain,
 Such as your Ancestors were wont to hear
 On Shilo's pleasant Plain,
 Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a Year :
 Or one of those
 Which your illustrious David did compose,*

*While he fill'd Israel's happy Throne,
Great Soldier, Poet, and Musician, all in one:
Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in Hand,
Captain of all th' harmonious Band,
And vanquish'd all the Choir with's single Skill alone:*

4. Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, thou great thrice:
hallow'd Name,
We should thy sacred Hymns defame,
Or them, with impious Ears, profane.
No, no, inhuman Slaves, is this a Time
(Oh cruel and preposterous Demand!)
When every Joy, and every Smile's a Crime,
A Treason to our poor unhappy native Land?
Is this a time for sprightly Airs,
When ev'ry Look the Badge of Sorrow wears,
And Livery of our Miseries,
Sad Miseries, that call for all our Breath in Sighs,
And all the Tribute of our Eyes,
And Moisture of our Veins, our very Blood in Tears?
When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jerusalem*,
but thou,
Nought but thy sad Destruction, Fall, and Overthrow?

5. Oh dearest City! late our Nation's justest Pride!
Envy of all the wond'ring World beside!

Oh sacred Temple, once th' Almighty's blest'd Abode,
Now quite forsaken by our angry God!

Shall ever distant Time, or Place,
Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface!

Shall they not still take up my Breast,
As long as that, and Life, and I, shall last?
Grant, Heav'n, (nor shall my Pray'rs the Curse with-
stand)

That this my learned skilful Hand,
(Which now o'er all the tuneful Strings can boast
Command,

Which does as quick, as ready, and unerring prove,
As Nature, when it would its Joints or Fingers move)

Grant, it forget its Art, and Feeling too,
When I forget to think, to wish, to pray for you :

6. For ever tied with Dumbness be my Tongue,
When it speaks aught that shall not to your Praise
belong,
If that be not the constant Subject of my Muse and
Song.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that Day,
And with like Sufferings their Spite repay,
Who made our Miseries their cruel Mirth and Scorn,
Who laugh'd to see our flaming City burn,
And wish'd it night to Ashes turn :

*Raze, raze it (was their curfed Cry)
Raze all its ftately Structures down,
And lay its Palaces and Temple level with the Ground,
Till Sion buried in his difmal Ruin lie,
Forgot, alike, its Place, its Name, and Memory.*

8. And thou, proud *Babylon* ! juft Object of our Hate,
Thou too fhalt feel the fad Reverse of Fate !

Tho' thou art now exalted high,
And with thy lofty Head o'ertop'ft the Sky,
As if thou would'ft the Pow'rs above defy ;
Thou, if thofe Pow'rs (and fure they will) prove juft,
If my prophetic Grief can aught forefee,
Ere long fhall lay that lofty Head in Duft,
And blufh in Blood for all thy prefent Cruelty :
How loudly then fhall we retort thofe bitter Taunts !
How gladly to the Mufic of thy Fetters dance !

A day will come (O might I fee't !) ere long,
That fhall revenge our mighty Wrong :
Then bleft, for ever bleft, be he
Whoever fhall return't on thee,
And give it deep, and pay't with bloody Ufury :
May neither aged Groans, nor Infant's Cries,
Nor piteous Mother's Tears, nor ravifh'd Virgin's
Sighs,

Soften thy unrelenting Enemies :

Let them, as thou to us, inexorable prove,
Nor Age, nor Sex, their deaf Compassion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And all thou dost attempt within our *Sion's* Walls,
May'ft thou endure. and more, till joyful we
Confess thyself outdone in artful Cruelty.

Blest, yea thrice blessed, be that barbarous Hand,
(Oh Grief, that I such dire Revenge commend !)
Who tears out Infants from their Mother's Womb,
And hurls them, yet unborn, into their Tomb,
Bless'd he, who plucks them from their Parents
Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common Harms,
Who with thy Skulls and Bones shall pave thy Streets
all o'er,
And fill thy glutted Channels with their scatter'd
Brains and Gore.

P A R A P H R A S E

U P O N T H E

H Y M N O F S T. A M B R O S E.

A N O D E.

To Thee, O God, we thy just Praises sing,
 To Thee, we thy great Name rehearse :
 We are thy Vassals, and this humble Tribute bring
 To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
 Acknowledg'd sole and sov'reign Monarch of the
 Universe.

All Parts of this wide Universe adore,
 Eternal Father, thy Almighty Power ;
 The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
 With all their num'rous, nameless Progeny,
 Confess; and their due Homage pay to Thee !
 For why ? thou spak'st the Word, and mad'st them
 all from nothing be.

To Thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on high,
 Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,
 And whatsoever Spirits be
 Of lesser Honour, less Degree ;

To Thee, in heav'nly Lays,
They sing loud Anthems of immortal Praise :
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts, they cry ;
This is their Bus'ness, this their sole Employ,
And thus they spend their long, and blest Eternity.

Farther than Nature's utmost Shores and Limits
stretch,
The Streams of thy unbounded Glory reach ;
Beyond the Straits of scanty Time and Place,
Beyond the Ebbs and Flows of Matter's narrow Seas
They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and Space.
Infus'd like some vast mighty Soul,
Thou dost inform and actuate this spacious Whole :
Thy unseen Hand does the well-jointed Frame sustain,
Which else would to its prim'tive Nothing shrink
again.

But most, thou dost thy Majesty display,
In the bright Realms of everlasting Day :
There is thy Residence, there dost Thou reign,
There, on a State of dazzling Lustre sit,
There shine in Robes of pure refined Light,
Where Sun's coarse Rays are but a Foil and Stain,
And refuse-Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious Train.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of blest'd Inhabitants,
Which Death thro' countless Ages has transplanted
hence;

Now on thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.
There rev'rend Prophets stand, a pompous, goodly
Show,

Of old, thy Envoys-Extraordinary here,
Who brought thy sacred Embassies of Peace and War,
That, to th' obedient, this, the rebel World below.

By them, the mighty Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the Incarnate suff'ring God.

Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,
As they on Earth did in his Mis'ries share.

Of Martyrs next, a crown'd and glorious Choir,
Illustrious Heroes who have gain'd
Thro' Dangers, and red Seas of Blood, the promis'd
Land,

And pass thro' ordeal Flames to thy Eternity in Fire.

There, all make up the Confort of thy Praise,

To Thee they sing, and never cease,

Loud Hymns, and Hallelujahs of Applause:

An Angel-Laureat does the Sense and Strains com-
pose,

Sense, far above the Reach of mortal Verse,
Strains, far above the Reach of mortal Ears,
And all a Muse, unglorify'd, can fancy or rehearse.

Nor is this Comfort only kept above,
Nor is it to the Blest alone confin'd ;
But Earth, and all the Faithful here, are join'd,
And strive to vie with them in Duty and in Love :
And tho' they cannot equal Notes and Measures raise,
Strive to return th' imperfect Echoes of thy Praise.

They, thro' all Nations, own thy glorious Name,
And every where, the great Three-One proclaim ;
Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who must Mankind, whom Thou did'st make, re-
deem,

Thee, blessed Saviour, Thee, ador'd, true only Son,
To Man debas'd, to rescue Man undone :

And Thee, eternal, holy Power,
Who do'st by Grace exalted Man restore
To all he lost, by the old Fall and Sin before,

You, blest'd and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philosophy,
Which cannot comprehend the mighty Mystery
Of num'rous One, and the unnumber'd Three.

Vast topleſs Pile of Wonders ! at whoſe Sight
 Reaſon itſelf turns giddy with the Height,
 Above the flutt'ring Pitch of human Wit,
 And all, but the ſtrong Wings of Faith, that Eagle's
 tow'ring Flight.

Bleſt Jeſu ! how ſhall we enough adore,
 Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Pow'r ?
 Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, Thou art the Al-
 mighty's Heir,

Thou art th' eternal Off-ſpring of th' eternal Sire :
 Hail Thou, the World's Redeemer ; whom to free
 From Bonds of Death, and endleſs Miſery,

Thou thought'ſt it no Diſdain to be
 Inhabitant of low Mortality :

Th' Almighty thought it no Diſdain
 To dwell in the pure Virgin's ſpotleſs Womb,
 There did the boundleſs Godhead, and whole Heav'n
 find Room,

And a ſmall Point, the Circle of Infinity contain.

Hail, Ranſom of Mankind, All-great, All-good !

Who didſt atone us with thy Blood,

Thyſelf the Off'ring, Altar, Prieſt, and God :

Thyſelf didſt die, to be our glorious Bail,
 From Death's Arreſts, and the eternal flaming Jail :

90 P A R A P H R A S E U P O N

Thyself thou gav'st th' inestimable Price,
To purchase and redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n and
Happiness :

Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had End,
When Death itself was slain, and dead,
And Hell, with all its Powers Captive led,
Thou didst again triumphantly ascend :
There dost Thou now, by thy great Father, sit on high,
With equal Glory, equal Majesty,
Joint-Ruler of the everlasting Monarchy.

Again from thence, Thou shalt with greater Triumph
come,

When the last Trumpet sounds the gen'ral Doom :
And (lo !) thou com'st, and (lo !) the direful Sound
does make

Thro' Death's wide Realm Mortality awake :

And (lo !) they all appear

At thy dread Bar,

And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.

Affrighted Nature trembles at the dismal Day,

And shrinks for fear, and vanishes away :

Both that and Time breath out their last, and now
they die,

And now are swallow'd up. and lost in vast Eternity,

Mercy, O Mercy, angry God !

Stop, stop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be with-
flood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood ;
Thy precious Blood which was so freely spilt
To wash us from the Stains of Sin and Guilt :
O write us with it in the Book of Fate
Amongst thy Chosen and Predestinate,
Free Denizens of Heaven, of the immortal State.

Guide us, O Saviour ! guide thy Church below,
Both Way and Star, Compass and Pilot Thou :
Do Thou this frail and tott'ring Vessel steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here,
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.
Safe, under Thee, we shall to the wish'd Hav'n move,
And reach the undiscover'd Lands of Bliss above.

Thus low (behold !) to thy great Name we bow,
And thus we ever wish to grow :
Constant, as Time, does thy fix'd Laws obey,
To Thee our Worship, and our Thanks we pay :
With these, we wake the chearful Light,
With these, we Sleep and Rest invite :
And thus we spend our Breath, and thus we spend
our Days,
And never cease to sing, and never cease to praise.

While thus each Breast, and Mouth, and Ear,
 Are filled with thy Praise, and Love, and Fear,
 Let never Sin get Room, or Entrance there :
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, thro' this and all our Days
 To guard us with thy pow'rful Grace :
 Within our Hearts let no usurping Lust be found,
 No Rebel-Passion Tumult raise,
 . To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
 But set thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
 And keep the Tempter still from that forbidden
 Ground.
 Ever, O Lord, to us thy Mercies grant,
 Never, O Lord, let us thy Mercies want,
 Ne'er want thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
 But let them ever on us be,
 Constant as our own Hope and Trust on Thee :
 On Thee, we all our Hope and Trust repose !
 O never leave us to our Foes,
 Never, O Lord, desert our Cause :
 Thus aided and upheld by Thee,
 We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Misery :
 Fearless we thus will stand a falling World
 With crushing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
 And face wide-gaping Hell, and all its flighted Pow'rs
 defy.

A

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

TO A

F R I E N D I N T O W N.

*Giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations to
POETRY.*

As to that *Poet* * (if so great a one as he,
May suffer, in Comparison with me)
When heretofore, in *Scythian* † Exile pent,
To which he from ungrateful *Rome* was sent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore subscrib'd some known and faithful Name ;
That like a pow'rful Cordial did infuse
New Life into his speechless, gasping Muse,
And strait his Genius, which before did seem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm Force and friendly Influence thaw'd,
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft Numbers flow'd :

* *Ovid.*† *Tomos.*

Such Welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With Me, shut up in close Constraint as bad :
Not eager Lovers held in long Suspense,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender Sense,
Meet those kind Lines which all their Wishes bless.
And sign and seal, deliver'd Happiness :
My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the Crowd :
To you, with hasty Flight, they take their Way,
And hardly for the Dress of Words will stay.

Yet pardon, if this only Fault I find,
That while you praise too much, you are less kind :
Consider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muse :
Praise the fine Diet, which w're apt to love,
If given to Excess, does hurtful prove :
Where it does weak distemper'd Stomachs meet,
That surfeits, which should Nourishment create.
Your rich Perfumes such Fragrancy dispense,
Their Sweetness overcomes and palls my Sense ;
On my weak Head you heap so many Bays,
I sink beneath 'em quite, oppress'd with Praise.
And a resembling Fate with him receive,
Who, in too kind a Triumph, found his Grave
Smother'd with Garlands, which Applauders gave. }

To you these Praises justlier all belong,
By alienating which yourself you wrong :
Whom better can such Commendations fit
Than you, who so well teach, and practise Wit?
Verse, the great Boast of drudging Fools, from some
Nay most of Scriblers, with much straining come ;
They void 'em dribbling, and in Pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen, uncall'd, they readiy obey,
And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they :
Each Strain of yours so easy does appear,
Each such a graceful Negligence does wear, }
As shews you have none, and yet want no Care,
None of your serious Pains, or Time, they cost,
But what thrown by, you can afford for lost :
If such the Fruits of your loose Leisure be,
Your careless Minutes yield such Poetry !
We guess what Proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert :
But happy you, more prudent and more wise,
With better Aims have fix'd your noble Choice.
While silly I, all thriving-Arts refuse, }
And all my Hopes, and all my Vigour lose
In Service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse :
For gainful Business, court ignoble Ease,
And in gay Trifles waste my ill-spent Days.

Little I thought, my dearest Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruin top :
O'er-run with filthy Poetry and Rhime,
The present reigning Evil of the Time,
I lack'd, and (well I did myself assure)
From your kind Hand I should receive a Cure:
When (lo :) instead of healing Remedies,
You cherish, and encourage the Disease:
Inhuman, you help the Distemper on,
Which was, before, but too inveterate grown :
As a kind Looker on, whose Int'rest shares,
Tho' not in Stake, yet in his Hopes and Fears,
Would to his Friend, as pushing Gamester do,
Recal his Elbow when he hastes to throw ;
Such a wise Course you should have took with me,
A rash and vent'ring Fool in Poetry.
Poets are Cullies, whom Rook-Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding Hopes to win :
But when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare, saving Share.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade,
Oft have I try'd (Heav'n knows) to mortify
This vile, and wicked Lust of Poetry :
But still unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or some darling Sin.

In vain, I better studies there would sow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive or grow :
All my best Thoughts, when I'd most serious be,
Are never from its foul Infection free :
Nay (God forgive me) when I say my Prayers,
I scarce can help polluting them with Verse :
That fab'lous *Wretch*, of Old, revers'd I seem,
Who turn whate'er I touch to Dross and Rhime.

Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try,
If sovereign Wisdom and Philosophy,
Rightly applied, will give a Remedy :
Strait the great *Stagyrite* * I take in Hand,
Seek Nature and Myself to understand :
Much I reflect on his vast Worth and Fame,
And much my low and grov'ling Aims condemn,
And quarrel that my ill-pack'd Fate should be
This vain, this worthless Thing, call'd Poetry :
But when I find this unregarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts and Pains employ,
By reading there, I am but more undone,
And meet that Danger, which I mean to shun.
Oft when ill Humour, Chagrin, Discontent,
Give Leisure my wild Follies to resent,
I thus against myself my Passion vent.

* *Aristotle.*

“ Enough, mad rhiming Sot, enough, for Shame
 “ Give o’er and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks damn;
 “ Didst ever Thou the Altar rob, or worse,
 “ Kill the Priest there, and Maids receiving Force; }
 “ What else could merit this so heavy Curse?
 “ The greatest Curse, I can, I wish on him,
 “ (If there be any greater than to rhyme)
 “ Who first did of the lewd Invention think,
 “ First made two Lines, with Sounds resembling
 “ Clink,
 “ And swerving from the easy Paths of Prose,
 “ Fetters and Chains did on free Sense impose:
 “ Curs’d too be all the Fools, who since have went,
 “ Missed in Steps of that ill Precedent:
 “ Want be entail’d their Lot:”—and on I go,
 Wreaking my Spight on all the jingling Crew:
 Scarce the beloved *Cowley* scapes, tho’ I
 Might sooner my own Curses fear, than he:
 And thus resolved, against the scribbling Vein,
 I deeply swear, never to write again.

But when bad Company and Wine conspire
 To kindle and renew the foolish Fire,
 Straitways relaps’d, I feel the raving Fit
 Return, and strait I all my Oaths forget:

The Spirit, which I thought cast out before,
Enters again, with stronger Force and Power,
Worse than at first, and tyrannizes more. }
No sober, good Advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Phrenzy me recal :
Cool Reason's Dictates, me, no more can move,
Than Men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love :
Deaf to all Means which might most proper seem
Towards my Cure, I run stark mad in Rhime :
A sad poor haunted Wretch, whom nothing less
Than Prayers of the Church can dispossess.

Sometimes, after a tedious Day half spent,
When Fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull and fruitless Chace of Thought,
Despairing, I grow weary, and give out ;
As a dry Lecher, pump'd of all my Store,
I loath the Thing, cause I can do't no more :
But when I once begin to find again
Recruits of Matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager, I the Haunt pursue,
And with fresh Vigour, the lov'd Sport renew :
Tickled with some strange Pleasure, which I find,
And think a Secrecy to all Mankind,
I please myself with the vain, false Delight,
And count none happy, but the Fops that write.

✓ 'Tis endless, Sir, to tell the many Ways
Wherein my poor deluded self I please :
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throws, brings its rude Issue forth :
How, after, when imperfect, shapeless Thought
Is, by the Judgment, into Fashion wrought :
When at first Search, I traverse o'er my Mind,
None, but a dark and empty Void, I find :
Some little Hints, at length, like Sparks break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts, just dawning into Sense :
Confus'd, a while, the mixt Ideas lie,
With nought of Mark to be discover'd by ;
Like Colours undistinguish'd in the Night,
Till the dusk Images mov'd to the Light,
Teach the discerning Faculty to chuse,
Which it had best adopt, and which refuse.
Here rougher Strokes, touch'd with a careless Dash,
Resemble the first setting of a Face :
There finish'd Draughts, in Form more full appear,
And to their Justness ask no further Care,
Mean while, with inward Joy, I proud am grown,
To see the Work successfully go on ;
And prize myself in a Creating-Power,
That could make Something, what was Nought before.

Sometimes a stiff unwieldy Thought I meet,
Which to my Laws, will scarce be made submit :
But when, after Expençe of Pains and Time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhime,
In Triumph, more than joyful Warriors would,
Had they some stout and hardy Foe subdu'd :
And idly think, less goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd Order stand,
Than to the Conduct of my Words, when they
March in due Ranks, are set in just Array.

Sometimes on Wings of Thought I seem on high,
As Men in sleep, tho' Motionless they lie, }
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly : }
So Witches some enchanted Wand bestride, }
And think they thro' the airy Regions ride, }
Were Fancy is both Trav'ler, Way and Guide : }
Then strait I grow a strange exalted Thing,
And equal in Conceit, at least a King :
As the poor Drunkard, when Wine stuns his Brains,
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns ;
Bewitch'd by these Delusions, 'tis I write,
(The Tricks some pleasant Devil plays in Spite)
And when I'm in the freakish Trance, which I,
Fond silly Wretch, mistake for Ecstasy,
I find all former Resolutions vain,
And thus recant them, and make new again.

" What was't I rashly vow'd ? shall ever I
 " Quit my beloved Mistress, Poetry ?
 " Thou sweet Beguiler of my lonely Hours,
 " Which thus glide unperceiv'd, with silent Course :
 " Thou gentle Spell, which undisturb'd dost keep
 " My Breast, and charm intruding Care asleep :
 " They say thou'rt poor, and un-endow'd, what tho' ?
 " For Thee, I this vain, worthless World forego :
 " Let Wealth and Honour be Fortune's Slaves,
 " The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves :
 " To me thou art, what'er th' Ambitious crave,
 " And all that greedy Misers want or have ?
 " In Youth or Age, in Travel or at Home,
 " Here, or in Town, at *London*, or at *Rome* ;
 " Rich, or a Beggar, Free, or in the Fleet,
 " What'er my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to write." ✓

Thus I have made my shifted Muse confess,
 Her secret Feebleness and Weaknesses :
 All her hid Faults she sees expos'd to view,
 And hopes a gentle Confessor in you :
 She hopes an easy Pardon for her Sin,
 Since 'tis but what she is not Wilful in,
 Nor yet has scandalous, nor open been. }
 Try if your ghostly Counsel can reclaim
 The heedless Wanton, from her Guilt and Shame :

At least, be not ungen'rous to reproach
That wretched Frailty, which you've help'd debauch.
'Tis now high Time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Dotards when they woo,
Than travell'd Fops, when far-fetch'd Lies they
prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets when they dedicate.
No dull Forgiveness I presume to crave,
Nor vainly, for my tiresome Length, ask Leave:
Left I, as often formal Coxcombs use,
Prolong that very Fault, I would excuse:
May this the same kind Welcome find with you.
As your's did here, and ever shall; Adieu.

S A T I R E

U P O N A

P R I N T E R,

*That exposed him, by printing a piece of his, grossly
mangled and faulty.*

Dull, and unthinking! hadst thou none but me
To plague, and urge, to thine own Infamy?
Had I some tame and sneaking Author been,
Whose Muse to Love and Softness did incline,
Some small Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out, in charming Lines,
Fit to divert mine Hostess, and mislead
The Heart of some poor taudry Waiting-maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadst scap'd from my Resentment free.

But I, whom spleen and manly Rage inspire,
Brook no Affront, at each Offence take Fire:
Born to chastise the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to lash Knaves of all Degrees, and spare
None of the Kind, however great they are;

Satire's my only Province and Delight,
For whose dear sake alone I've vow'd to write :
For this I seek Occasions, court Abuse,
To shew my Parts, and signalize my Muse :
Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle and their Skill appear :
And didst thou think I would a Wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'st Part of Honour, Wit?
No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be
By Heav'n itself, if e'er I pardon thee.

Members, from Breach of Privilege deter,
By threat'ning *Topham*, and a Messenger :
Scrogs, and the Brothers of the Coif, oppose,
By Force and Dint of Statutes, and the Laws :
Strumpets of *Billingsgate* redress their Wrongs
By the sole Noise and Foulness of their Tongues :
And I go always arm'd for my Defence,
To punish and revenge an Insolence,
I wear my Pen as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot I meet, the Word
Is *Satisfaction* : Strait to Thrusts I go,
And pointed Satire runs him thro' and thro'.

Perhaps thou hop'dst that thy Obscurity
Should be thy Safeguard, and secure thee free.
Know, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like sentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about :

Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
I mean to hang, and gibbet up thy Name.

If thou, to live in Satire, so much thirst,
Enjoy thy Wish, and Fame, till Envy burst,
Renown'd as he whom banish'd *Ovid* curst :

Or he, whom old *Archilochus* so stung
In Verse, that he for Shame and Madness hung ;
Deathless in Infamy, do thou so live,
And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.

Thou thought'st, perhaps, my Gall was spent and
gone,

My Venom drain'd, and I a stingless Drone :
Thou thought'st I had no Curses left in Store ;
But to thy Sorrow know, and find, I've more.
More and more dreadful yet, able to scare,
Like Hell, and urge to Daggers and Despair ;
Such thou shalt feel are still reserv'd by me,
To vex and force thee to thy Destiny :
Since thou hast brav'd my Vengeance thus, prepare,
And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.

Thou, who with spurious Nonsense durst profane
The genuine Issue of a Poet's Brain,
May'st thou hereafter never deal in Verse,
But what hoarse Bell-men in their Walks rehearse,
Or *Smithfield* Audience, sung on Crickets, hears :

May'st thou print *Hopkins* *, or some duller *As*,
Jorden †, or him that wrote *Dutch Hudibras* :
Or next vile Scribler of the House, whose Play
Will scarce for Candles and their Snuffing pay :
May ye each other curse, thyself undone,
And be the Laughing-stock of all the Town.

May'st thou ne'er rise to History, but what
Poor *Grub-street* Penny-Chronicles relate,
Memoirs of *Tyburn*, and the mournful State
Of Cut-purses, in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
Till thou thyself be the same Subject made.
Compell'd by Want, may'st thou print Popery,
For which, by the Cart's-Arse and Pillory,
Turnips and rotten Eggs, thy Destiny.
Maul'd worse than *Reading*, *Christian*, or *Cellier* ‡ ;
Till thou, daub'd o'er with loathsome Filth, appear
Like Brat of some vile Drab, in Privy found,
Which there has lain three Months, in Ordure drown'd.

The Plague of Poets—Rags and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arrests, and Serjeants light on thee :
For others bound, may'st thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoe :

* Fellow Labourer with *Sternhold*, who translated the
Psalms.

† A common Ballad-Maker of those Times.

‡ Persons concern'd in *Oates's* Plot.

And may'st thou never from the Jail get free,
Till thou swear out thyself by Perjury :
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitiless, and poor
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore ;
May'st thou an Halter want for thy Redress,
Forc'd to steal Hemp to end thy Miseries,
And damn thyself, to baulk the Hangman's Fees. }
And may no faucy Fool have better Fate,
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

T H E
E I G H T H S A T I R E
O F
M O N S I E U R B O I L E A U,
I M I T A T E D.

Written in October, 1682.

*The POET brings himself in, as discoursing with a
Doctor of the University upon the Subject ensuing.*

Of all the Creatures in the World that be,
Beast, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
Throughout the Globe, from London to Japan,
The arrant'st Fool, in my Opinion's Man.

*What? (strait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly see
Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,
Or freakish Ape. Dare you affirm that these
Have greater Sense than Man? Ay, questionless.
Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse :
Man is (you cry) Lord of the Universe ;*

}

*For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his Use and Aid :
To him alone, of all the living Kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning Gift assign'd.*
True, Sir, that Reason ever was his Lot,
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

*This idle Talk (you say) and rambling Stuff,
May pass in Satire, and take well enough
With sceptic Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer
At serious Things : but you must make't appear
By solid Proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't :
Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.
Then, by your Favour, tell me, first of all,
What 'tis which your grave Doctors Wisdom call ?
You answer : 'Tis an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper, which no Cares controul,
No Passions ruffle, nor Desires inflame,
Still constant to itself, and still the same ;
That does in all its slow Resolves advance,
With graver Steps than Benchers when they dance.
Most true ; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Lefs us'd by any than the Fool call'd Man?*

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,
In Summer-time ranges the Fallows o'er,
With Pains and Labour, to lay in his Store ;
But when the blust'ring North, with rustling Blasts,
Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts ;

The prudent Insect, hid in Privacy,
 Enjoys the Fruits of his past Industry.
 No Ant of Sense was e'er so awkward seen,
 To drudge in Winter, loiter in the Spring.

But sillier Man, in his mistaken Way,
 By Reason, his false Guide, is led astray :
 Tost by a thousand Gusts of wav'ring Doubt,
 His restless Mind still rolls from Thought to Thought :
 In each Resolve unsteady, and unfixt,
 And what he one Day loaths, desires the next.

*Shall I, so fam'd for many a tuant Jest
 On wiv'ing, now go take a Filt at last ?
 Shall I turn Husband, and my Station chuse,
 Amongst the rev'rend Martyrs of the Noose !
 No, there are Fools enough besides in Town,
 To furnish Work for Satire and Lampoon :
 Few Months before, cry'd the unthinkig Sot,
 Who quickly after hamper'd in the Knot,
 Was quoted for an Instance by the rest,
 And bore his Fate as tamely as the best,
 And thought that Heav'n, from some mirac'lous side,
 For him alone, had drawn a faithful Bride.*

This is our Image just : such is that vain,
 That foolish, fickle, motly Creature Man :
 More changing than a Weather-cock, his Head
 Ne'er wakes with the same Thoughts he went to Bed,

Irkſome to all beſide, and ill at Eaſe,
 He neither others, nor himſelf can pleaſe :
 Each Minute round his whirling Humours run,
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Prieſt anon ;
 To-day in Buff, To-morrow in a Gown.

Yet pleas'd with idle Whimſies of his Brain,
 And, puſt with Pride, this haughty thing would ſain
 Be thought himſelf the only Stay and Prop,
 That holds the mighty Frame of Nature up :
 The Skies and Stars his Properties muſt ſeem,
 And turn-spit Angels tread the Spheres for him :
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries,)
 More abſolute than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (ſay you) that dares deny
So own'd a Truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controverſy here,
 Whether, if met, the Paſſenger and Bear,
 This, or the other, ſtands in greater Fear.
 Or if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs,
 That all the *Iriſh* Wolves ſhould quit the Place,
 They'd ſtrait obey the Statute's high Command,
 And, at a Minute's Warning, rid the Land :
 This boated Monarch of the World, that awes
 The Creatures here, and with his Beck gives Laws :
 This tit'lar King, who thus pretends to be
 The Lord of all, how many Lords has he ?

The Lust of Money, and the Lust of Power,
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty Passions more,
 Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has soft Sleep in Silence clos'd his Eyes,
Up! (strait says Avarice) *'tis time to rise.*

Not yet: One Minute longer. *Up!* (she cries).

Th' Exchange and Shops are hardly open yet,

No matter: Rise! But, after all, for what?

D'ye ask? go, cut the Line, double the Cape,

Traverse from End to End the spacious Deep,

Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan:

Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain:

What need all this? I've Wealth enough in Store,

I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.

You cannot have too much, this Point to gain;

You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain;

Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,

Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,

*And tho' you've more than Buckingham * has spent,*

Or Cuddon got, like stingy Bethel save †,

And grudge yourself the Charges of a Grave,

And the small Ransom of a single Groat,

From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.

* George Villers, Favourite to James the First.

† Alderman Cuddon; Sheriff Bethel.

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And pray why all this sparing? *Don't you know?*
Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir or so;
Who shall, when you are timely dead and gone,
With his gilt Coach and Six amuse the Town,
Keep his gay Brace of Punks, and vainly give
More for a Night, than you to fine for Sheriff.
But you lose Time, the Wind and Vessel waits,
Quick let's aboard! Hey for the Downs and Streights.

Or if all-powerful Money fail of Charms,
 To tempt the Wretch, and push him on to Harms,
 With a strong Hand does fierce Ambition seize,
 And drag him forth from soft Repose and Ease:
 Amidst ten thousand Dangers spur him on,
 With Loss of Blood and Limbs, to hunt Renown.
 Who, for Reward of many a Wound, and Maim,
 Is paid with nought, but wooden Legs, and Fame;
 And the poor Comfort of a grinning Fate,
 To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold (cries one) your paltry gibing Wit,
Or learn, henceforth, to aim it more aright:
If this be any; 'tis a glorious Fault,
Which, thro' all Ages, has been ever thought
The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence:
Pray, what was Alexander in your Sense?
A Fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same;
A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the World on Flame;

A Lunatick broke loose, who, in his Fit,
 Fell foul on all, invaded all he met:
 Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet, not content,
 Lack'd Elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.
 What Madness was't, that, born to a fair Throne,
 Where he might rule with Justice and Renown,
 Like a wild Robber, he should chuse to roam,
 A pitied Wretch, with neither House nor Home,
 And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,
 Thro' the wide World, make his vast Folly known?
 Happy, for ten good Reasons, had it been,
 If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
 That there, with Keepers, under close Restraint,
 He might have been from frantick Mischief pent.
 But that we mayn't in long Digressions now
 Discourse all *Reinolds* *, on the *Passions* thro',
 And ranging them in Method stiff and grave,
 Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
 Let's quit the present Topick of Dispute,
 For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
 And take a View of Man, in his best Light,
 Wherein he seems to most Advantage set.

'Tis he-alone (you'll say) 'tis happy he,
 That's fram'd by Nature for Society:

* Dr. *Reinolds* wrote a *Treatise upon the Passions*, 4to.

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*He only dwells in Towns, is only seen
With Manners and Civility to shine;
Does only Magistrates and Rulers chuse,
And live secur'd by Government and Laws.*

'Tis granted Sir ; but yet without all these,
Without your boasted Laws and Policies,
Or Fear of Judges, or of Justices ;
Whoever saw the *Wolves*, that he can say,
Like more Inhuman us, so bent on Prey,
To rob their Fellow-*Wolves* upon the Way ?
Whoever saw *Church* and *Fanatick-Bear*,
Like savage Mankind, one another tear ?
What Tyger e'er aspiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State ?
Or when was't heard upon the *Lybian* Plains,
Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory-Lions*, in wild Jars,
Madly engag'd for Choice of Sheriffs and May'rs ?
The fiercest creatures we in Nature find,
Respect the Figure still in the same kind :
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from Noise, from Feuds and Actions free.

No *Eagle* does upon his Peerage sue,
And strive some meaner *Eag'e* to undo :
No *Fox* was e'er suborn'd by Spite or Hire,
Against his Brother *Fox* his Life to swear :

Nor any *Hind*, for Impotence at Rut,
 Did e'er the *Stag*, into the *Arches* * put ;
 Where grave Dean, the weighty Case might state,
 What makes in Law a carnal-job complete :
 They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,
 To shake their ancient Privilege and Right :
 No Courts of Sessions, or Assize are there,
 No *Common-Pleas*, *King's-Bench*, or *Chanc'ry-Bar* :
 But happier they, by Nature's Charter free,
 Secure and safe, in mutual Peace agree,
 And know no other Law but Equity. }

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,
 Who first brought up the Trade of cutting Throats,
 Did Honour first, that barbarous Term devise,
 Unknown to all the gentler Savages ;
 As 'twere not thought enough to've fetch'd from Hell,
 Powder and Guns, with all the Arts to kill,
 Farther to plague the World, he must ingross
 Huge Codes, and bulky Pandects of the Laws, }
 With Doctors Glosses, to perplex the Cause,
 Where darken'd Equity is kept from Light,
 Under vast Reams of Nonsense buried quite.
 Gently, good Sir ! (cry you) why all this Rant,
 Man has his Freaks and Passions, that we grant ;

* One of the Courts in Doctors-Commons.

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*He has his Frailties and Blind-sides, who doubts ?
 But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.
 Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
 That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,
 Whose boundless Wit, with soaring Wings durst fly,
 Beyond the flaming Borders of the Sky ;
 Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing View,
 Each Cranny search'd, and look'd her thro' and thro'.
 Which of the Brutes have Universities,
 When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
 Or were Professors of the Faculties ?
 By Law or Physick were they ever known
 To merit Velvet, or a scarlet Gown ?
 No, questionless ; nor did we ever read,
 Of Quacks, with them that were Licentiates, made
 By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade :
 No Doctors in the Desk there hold Dispute
 About Black-pudding, while the wondring Rout
 Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out :
 Nor Virtuosoës teach deep Mysteries
 Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.*

But not to urge the Matter farther now,
 Nor search it to the Depth, what 'tis to know,
 And whether we know any thing or no :
 Answer me only this, what Man is there
 In this vile, thankless Age, wherein we are,
 Who does by Sense and Learning Value bear ?

*Would'st thou get Honour, and a fair Estate,
 And have the Looks and Favours of the Great ?
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
 Take the right Course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
 Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
 The poring Crowds in Colleges and Schools :
 How much is threescore Nobles ? Twenty Pound.
 Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound ;
 Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know ;
 What Wealth on thee, what Honours hast to show !
 In these high Sciences thyself employ,
 Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder *, Boy.
 Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
 To what the King's Revenue does amount :
 How much the Customs and Excise bring in,
 And what the Managers each Year purloin.
 Get a Case-harden'd Conscience, Irish Proof,
 Which nought of Pity, Sense or Shame can move :
 Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk or Jew,
 Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue,
 Ne'er stick at Wrong ; hang Widows Sighs and Tears,
 The Cant of Priests to frighten Usurers ;
 Boggle at nothing to increase thy Store,
 Not Orphans Spoils, nor Plunder of the Poor :*

* The Author of a Book of *Arithmetick*.

100 THE EIGHTH SATIRE OF

*And scorning paltry Rules of Honesty,
By surer Methods raise thy Fortune high.*

*When Shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Astrologers and Lawyers;
Authors of every Sort, and every Size,
To thee their Works and Labours shall address,
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly, in Greek and Latin, tell
Lies to thy Face, that thou hast deep Insight,
And art a mighty Judge of what they write.*

*He, that is Rich, is every thing, that is,
Without one Grain of Wisdom, he is wise,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences :
He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
Well-born, well-bred, well-shap'd, well-drest, what not ?
Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
For none that e'er had Riches found Despair ;
Gold to the loathsom'st Object gives a Grace,
And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey * please :
But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.*

*Thus a stanch Miser to his hopeful Brat,
Chalks out the Way, that leads to an Estate :
Whose Knowledge oft, with utmost Stretch of Brain,
No higher than this Secret can attain,*

* An old batter'd Court Fop of those Times.

Five and Four's Nine, take Two, and Seven
remains. }

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel *Scripture* with industrious Pains :
On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless Hours,
Correct the Criticks and Expositors :
Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in some vast *Tome*,
And there confound both *Bellarmino* and *Rome* ?
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned Store,
To find what Father *Simon* has past o'er :
Then at the last some bulky Piece compile,
There lay out all your Time, and Pains, and Skill ;
And when 'tis done and finished for the Press,
To some great Name the mighty Work address :
Who, for a full Reward of all your Toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious Nod or Smile :
Just Recompence of Life too vainly spent ;
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Compliment.
But if to higher honours you pretend,
Take the Advice and Counsel of a Friend ;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to some gainful Course yourself apply.
Go practise with some Banker how to cheat,
There's Choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-street*.
Let *Scot* and *Ockam* wrangle as they please,
And thus, in short, with me conclude the Case, }
A Doctor is no better than an Ass.

*A Doctor, Sir? yourself: pray have a care,
 This is to push your Raillery too far.
 But not to lose the time in trifling thus,
 Beside the Point, come now more home, and close:
 That Man has Reason, is beyond Debate,
 Nor will yourself I think deny me that:
 And was not this fair Pilot given to steer,
 His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here?
 All this I grant: but if in Spite of it,
 The Wretch, on every Rock he sees, will split,
 To what great Purpose does his Reason serve,
 But to misguide his Course, and make him swerve?
 What boots it, Howard*, when it says, Give o'er
 Thy scribbling Itch, and play the Fool no more,
 If her vain Counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,
 Only avail to harden him in Shame?
 Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth
 time,
 Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime:
 His Verse, which he does every where recite,
 Puts all his Neighbours and his Friends to flight;
 Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haste away,
 Nor will his very Groom be hired to stay.*

* The Honourable *Edward Howard*, Author of several indifferent Plays.

The Ass, whom Nature, Reason has deny'd,
 Content with Instinct for his surer Guide,
 Still follows that, and wiser does proceed :
 He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying Note,
 The Songsters of the wood to challenge out :
 Nor like this awkward Smatterer in Arts,
 Sets up himself for a vain Ass of Parts ;
 Of Reason void, he sees and gains his End,
 While Man who does to that false Light pretend,
 Wildly gropes on, and in broad Day is blind.
 By Whimsy led, he does all things by Chance,
 And acts in each, against all common Sense.
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with every Thing at once,
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns :
 Unable to distinguish good or bad,
 For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad :
 At random loves and loaths, avoids, pursues,
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
 Did we, like him, e'er see the *Dog* or *Bear*
 Chimeras of their own devising Fear ?
 Frame needless Doubts, and for those Doubts forego
 The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to ?
 And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,
 With scaring Phantoms, pall the sweets of Life ?
 Tell me grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast
 So much below himself and Sense debas'd,

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Tell me grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast
So much below himself and Sense debas'd,

124 THE EIGHTH SATIRE ON

To worship Man with superstitious Fear,
 And fondly to his Idol, Temples rear
 Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice,
 Approach to him as Ruler of the Skies,
 To beg for Rain or Sun-shine on his Knees?
 No, never : But a thousand Times has Beast,
 Seen Man beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,
 Fall low to Wood and Metal heretofore,
 And madly his own Workmanship adore :
 In Egypt oft has seen a Sot bow down,
 And reverence some deify'd Baboon :
 Has often seen him on the Banks of Nile,
 Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile :
 And now each Day, in ev'ry Street abroad,
 Sees prostrate Fools adore a Breaden-God.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances
 Of Egypt and its gross Idolatries ?
 Of Rome, and hers, as much ridiculous ?
 What are these lewd Buffoneries to us ?
 How gather you from such wild Proofs as these,
 That Man, a Doctor, is beneath an Ass ?
 An Ass ! that heavy stupid lumpish Beast,
 The Sport and Mocking-stock of all the rest ?
 Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,
 Whose very Name all Satire does comprise ?*

An Afs Sir ? Yes : Pray what should make us
laugh ?

Now he unjustly is our Jeer and Scoff.
But if one Day he should Occasion find,
Upon our Follies to express his Mind ;
If Heav'n * as once of Old, to check proud Man,
By Miracle should give him Speech again ;
What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak out,
Nay Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not ?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to stand,
For one long Hour, in *Fleet-street* or the *Strand*.
To cast his eyes upon the motly Throng,
The two leg'd Herd that daily pass along ;
To see their old Disguises, Furs and Gowns,
Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn-sleeves, and Pantaloons ?
What would he say to see a Velvet Quack
Walk with the Price of Forty kill'd on's Back :
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs and Ratsbane to the Crowd ?
What would he think upon a Lord Mayor's Day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry survey ;
Or view the Judges and their solemn Train,
March with grave Decency to kill a Man ?

* *Balaam's Afs.*

126 THE EIGHTH SATIRE, &c.

What would he think of us should he appear
 In Term among the Crowds at *Westminster*,
 And there the hellish Din and Jargon hear,
 Where *Jefferies* and his Pack, with deep mouth'd Notes,
 Drown *Billinggate* and all its Oyster-Boats ?
 There see the Judges, Serjeants, Barristers,
 Attorneys, Counsellors, Sollicitors,
 Criers and Clerks, and all the savage Crew,
 Which wretched Man at his own Charge undo ?
 If after Prospect of all this the Ass
 Should find the Voice he had in *Esop's* Days ;
 Then, Doctor, then, casting his Eyes around
 On Human Fools, which ev'ry where abound,
 Content with Thistles from all Envy free,
 And shaking his grave Head, no doubt, he'd cry,
Good faith, Man is a Beast, as much as we.

T H E
 T H I R T E E N T H S A T I R E
 O F
 J U V E N A L,
 I M I T A T E D.

A R G U M E N T.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concern'd for the Loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a Person to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the World without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men, (however they seem to escape its Punishment here) yet suffer abundantly in the Torments of an evil Conscience. And, by the Way, takes Occasion to lash the Degeneracy and Villainy of the present Times.

There is not one base Act, which Men commit,
 But carries this ill Sting along with it,
 That to the Author it creates Regret :
 And this is some Revenge at least, that he
 Can ne'er acquit himself of Villainy,
 Tho' a brib'd Judge and Jury set him free.

All People, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but just)
 Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his Trust,
 And curse the treach'rous Deed : But Thanks to Fate,
 That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,
 But that with Patience you may bear the Cross,
 And need not sink under so mean a Loss ;
 Besides, your Case for less Concern does call,
 Because 'tis what does usually befall,
 Ten thousand such, might be alledg'd with Ease,
 Out of the common Crowd of Instances.

Then cease for Shame, immoderate Regret,
 And don't your Manhood, and your Sense forget :
 'Tis womanish and silly, to lay forth
 More Cost in Grief, than a Misfortune's worth.
 You scarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
 It goes so deep, pray Heav'n, it does not kill !
 And all this Trouble, and this vain ado,
 Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.

Shame of your Beard ! can this so much amaze ?
 Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* Days ?
 And are not you at length, yet wiser grown,
 When threescore Winters on your Head have snow'n ?

Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ,
 Wholsome Advice to all that follow it :
 And those that will not its great Counsels hear,
 May learn, from meer Experience, how to bear
 (Without vain Strugling) Fortune's Yoke, and how
 They ought, her rudest Shocks to undergo.
 There's not a Day so solemn thro' the Year,
 Not one red Letter, in the Calendar,
 But we, of some new Crime discover'd, hear.
 Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not ?
 Money by cheating, padding, pois'ning got.
 Nor is it strange ; so few, are now, the Good,
 That fewer scarce were left at *Noah's* Flood :
 Should *Sodom's* Angel here in Fire descend,
 Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.
 Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
 Of Time, where Ill admits of no Degrees :
 An Age so bad, old Poets ne'er could frame,
 Nor find a *Metal* * out to give't a Name.

* Alluding to *Ovid's* four Ages of the World, viz. the *Golden Age*, the *Silver Age*, the *Brass Age*, and the *Iron Age*.

130 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

This your Experience knows, and yet for all,
 On Faith of God, and Man, aloud you call,
 Louder, than on Queen *Bess's* Day, the Rout
 For *Antichrist*, burnt in Effigy, shout :
 But tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
 Do you not know, what Lech'ry Men enjoy
 In stolen Goods ? For God's sake, don't you see
 How they all laugh at your Simplicity,
 When gravely you forewarn of Perjury ?
 Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty Names,
 Exploded now for idle thread-bare Shams,
 Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,
 E'er since great *Hobbes** the World has undeceiv'd ?

This might have pass'd with the plain simple Race
 Of our Forefather's, in King *Arthur's* Days :
 E'er mingling with corrupted foreign Seed,
 We learn'd their Vice, and spoil'd our native Breed,
 E'er yet blest'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
 With her first Innocence, resign'd her Name.
 Fair Dealing then, and downright Honesty,
 And plighted Faith were good Security :
 No vast Ingrossments for Estates were made,
 Nor Deeds, large as the Lands which they convey'd :

* See his *Leviathan*.

To bind a Trust, there lack'd no formal Ties
 Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,
 Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises :
 Each took the other's Word, and that would go
 For current then, and more than Oaths do now :
 None had Recourse to *Chanc'ry* for Defence,
 Where you forego your Right with less Expence :
 Nor Traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
 That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.
 Then Knave and Villain, Things unheard of were,
 Scarce in a Century did one appear,
 And he, more gaz'd at, than a Blazing-star.
 If a young Stripling put not off his Hat,
 In high Respect, to every Beard he met,
 Tho' a Lord's Son and Heir, 'twas held a Crime,
 That scarce deserv'd its Clergy *, in that Time :
 So venerable then was four Years odds,
 And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.

Now if a Friend, once in an Age, prove just,
 If he miraculously keep his Trust,
 And without Force of Law deliver all
 That's due, both Interest and Principal ;
 Prodigious Wonder ! fit for *Stow* to tell,
 And stand recorded in his Chronicle ;

* *Id est*, The Benefit of the Clergy in criminal Cases.

132 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

A Thing less memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London Fire*.

A Man of Faith and Uprightness is grown
So strange a Creature, both in Court and Town,
That he with Elephants may well be shown. }

A Monster more uncommon than a Whale
At *Bridge*, the last great Comet or the Hail;
Than *Thames's* double Tide, or should he run
With Streams of Milk or Blood, to *Gravesend* down.
You're troubled, that you've lost five hundred Pound
By treach'rous Fraud: Another may be found,
Has lost a thousand: And another yet,
Double to that; perhaps his whole Estate.

Little do Folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
If they but scape the Knowledge of Mankind:
Observe with how demure and grave a Look,
The Rascal lays his Hand upon the Book:
Then, with a praying Face and lifted Eye,
Claps on his Lips, and seals the Perjury:
If you persist his Innocence to doubt,
And boggle in Belief; he'll strait rap out
Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake;
And more than would a whole Ship's Crew maintain
To the *East-Indies* hence, and back again.

*As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free
Of what you charge me with: Let me ne'er see*

*His Face in Heaven else : May these Hands rot,
 These Eyes drop out, if I e'er had a Groat
 Of your's, or if they ever touch'd or saw't.* }
 Thus he'll run on, two Hours in length, till he
 Spin out a Curse, long as the Litany :
 Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in Store
 For him to wish, deserve or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,
 And think the World is only steer'd by Chance :
 Make God, at best, an idle Looker-on,
 A lazy Monarch, lolling in his Throne :
 Who, his Affairs, does neither mind nor know,
 But leaves them all at Random here below :
 And such, at ev'ry Foot, themselves will damn,
 And Oaths, no more than common Breath, esteem :
 No Shame, nor Loss of Ears, can frighten these,
 Were ev'ry Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
 His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear :
 Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heav'n decree
 What Doom so'er its Pleasure will of me :
 Strike me with Blindness, Palsies, Leprosies,
 Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
 Of both the Spittles * ; so I get my Prize* }

* Hospitals for the Poor.

134 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

*And hold it sure; I'll suffer these, and more;
 All Plagues are light, to that of being poor.
 There's not a begging Cripple in the Streets,
 (Unless he, with his Limbs, has lost his Wits,
 And is grown fit for Bedlam) but no Doubt,
 To have his Wealth, would have the rich Man's Gout.
 Grant Heaven's Vengeance heavy be; what tho' ?
 The heaviest Things move slowest still we know :
 And, if it punish all that guilty be,
 'Twill be an Age before it come to me :
 God too is merciful, as well as just ;
 Therefore, I'll rather his Forgiveness trust,
 Than live despis'd and poor, as thus I must :
 I'll try and hope, he's more a Gentleman,
 Than for such trivial Things as these, to damn.
 Besides, for the same Fact, we've often known
 One * mount the Cart, another mount the Throne :
 And foulest Deeds, attended with Success,
 No longer are reputed Wickedness,
 Disguised with Virtue's Livery and Dress.*

With these weak Arguments they fortify,
 And harden up themselves in Villainy :
 The Rascal now dares call you to account,
 And in what Court you please, join Issue on't :

* Perkin Warbeck, executed for his Pretences to the
 Crown in the Reign of K. Hen. VII,

Next Term he'll bring the Action to be try'd,
 And twenty Witnesses to swear on's Side:
 And if that Justice to his Cause be found,
 Expects a Verdict of five hundred Pound.
 Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
 For Innocent shall with the Rabble pass:
 While you, with Impudence, and Sham run down,
 Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean Time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail
 Louder than *Jeffries* at the Bar does bawl:
Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain End do we with Pray'rs adore?
And on our bended Knees his Aid implore?
Where is his Rule, if no Respect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good or Bad?
And who, henceforth, will any Credit show
To what his lying Priests teach here below?
If this be Providence ; for aught I see,*
Bless'd Saint, Vaninus! I shall follow thee:
Little's the Odds 'twixt such a God and that,
Which Atheist Lewis wore upon his Hat.

* *Vaninus*, a famous Atheist, wrote a Treatise against Providence, intitled, *Æterna Providentia Amphitheatrum*; for which he was burnt in France, Anno 1619.

136 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

Thus you blaspheme and rave : But pray, Sir, try
 What Comforts my weak Reason can apply,
 Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,
 And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.
 In Cases dangerous, and hard of Cure,
 We have Recourse to *Scarborough* or *Lower* :
 But if they don't so desperate appear,
 We trust to meaner Doctor's Skill and Care.

 | If there were never in the World before
 So foul a Deed, I'm dumb, not one Word more :
 O' God's Name then, let both your Sluices flow,
 And all th' Extravagance of Sorrow show ;
 And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful Breast,
 As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.
 'Tis granted, that a greater Grief attends
 Departed Guineas, than departed Friends :
 None ever counterfeits upon this Score,
 Nor need he do it ; the Thought of being poor
 Will serve alone, to make the Eyes run o'er. }
 Lost Gold is griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
 More true than Sorrow of expecting Heirs,
 At their dead Father's Funerals, tho' here
 The Back and Hands no pompous Mourning wear.
 But if the like Complaints be daily found
 At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound ;

If Bonds and Obligations can't prevail,
 But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
 Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedigree
 Of their dead Ancestors, to vouch the Lie;
 If *Temple Walks* and *Smithfield* never fail
 Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to sale
 To the first Passenger, that bids a Price,
 And make their Livelihood of Perjuries;
 For God's Sake, why are you so delicate,
 And think it hard to share the common Fate?
 And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought
 Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates cast out?

The Wrong you bear is hardly worth Regard,
 Much less your just Resentment, if compar'd
 With greater Outrages to others done,
 Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:
 Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
 Or Houses fire, of late a gainful Trade,
 By which our City was in Ashes laid:
 Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,
 From which no Place can Sanctuary be,
 That rifles Churches of Communion-plate,
 Which good King *Edward's* Days did dedicate:
 Think, who durst steal St. *Alban's* Font of Brass,
 That christen'd half the Royal *Scotish* Race:

138 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

Who stole the Chalice at *Chichester*,
 In which themselves received the Day before ?
 Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,
 Who scorning common Booty, stole a Crown * :
 Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,
 With all the Perjuries, to make it out,
 Or make it nothing, for these last three Years;
 Add to it *Thynne's* † and *Godfrey's* Murderers :
 And if these seem but slight and trivial Things,
 Add those that have, and would have murder'd Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villainy,
 To what our Judges oft in one Day try ?
 This, to convince you, do but travel down,
 When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
 Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
 How many Rogues there are of human Kind,
 And let me hear you, when you're back again,
 Say you are wrong'd, and if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex*-Hundreds live,
 Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise :
 Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
 If you great Lips and short flat Noses saw :
 Because 'tis so by Nature of each Place ;
 And therefore, there for no strange Things they pass,

* *Bloud.*† Murdered by *Borofky*.

In Lands where Pigmies are, to see a Crane
 (As Kites do Chickens here) sweep up a Man,
 In Armour clad, with us would make a Show,
 And serve to entertain at *Barthol'mew* :
 Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
 Where the whole Nation is but one Foot high ?
 Then why, fond Man, should you so much admire,
 Since Knave is of our Growth, and common here ?

But must such Perjury escape (say you)
And shall it ever thus unpunish'd go ?
 Grant he were dragg'd to Jail this very Hour,
 To starve and rot ; suppose it in your Pow'r
 To rack and torture him all Kind of Ways,
 To hang, or burn, or kill him as you please ;
 (And what would your Revenge itself have more ?)
 Yet this, all this, would not your Cash restore :
 And where would be the Comfort, where the Good,
 If you could wash your Hands in's reeking Blood ?
Put Ob, Revenge more sweet than Life ! 'Tis true,
 So the Unthinking say, and the mad Crew
 Of heft'ring Blades, who for slight Cause, or none,
 At every Turn, are into Passion blown :
 Whom the least Trifles, with Revenge inspire,
 And at each Spark, like Gunpowder, take Fire ;
 These, unprovok'd, kill the next Man they meet,
 For being so saucy as to walk the Street ;

140 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

And at the Summons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damne! Satisfaction!* draw, and stab.

Not so of Old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who shew'd how high, without the help of Grace,
Well-cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble Way of Suff'ring taught,
And tho' the Guiltless drank the pois'nous Dose,
Ne'er wish'd a Drop to his accusing Foes.

Not so our great, good *Martyr'd King*, of late
(Could we his blest Example imitate)

Who, tho' the great'st of mortal Sufferers,
Yet, kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and bless'd them with his dying Pray'rs. }

Thus we, by sound Divinity and Sense,
May purge our Minds, and weed all Errors thence :
These lead us into Right, nor shall we need
Other than them, thro' Life to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd and sickly Minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront :
And this you may infer, because we find,
'Tis most in poor unthinking Womankind,
Who wreak their feeble Spite on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute, than braver Man.

But why should you imagine, Sir, that those
 Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throws,
 And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worse
 Than all the Pains which can the Body curse)
 The secret Gnawings of unseen Remorse?
 Believ't they suffer greater Punishment
 Than *Rome's* Inquisitors could e'er invent,
 Nor all the Tortures, Racks and Cruelties,
 Which ancient Persecutors could devise,
 Nor all that *Fox's* bloody Records tell,
 Can match what *Bradshaw* and *Rawlliac* feel,
 Who in their Breasts, carry about their Hell.

I've read this Story, but I know not where,
 Whether in *Hackwell*, or *Beard's* Theatre *:
A certain Spartan, whom a Friend, like you,
Had trusted with a hundred Pound or two,
Went to the Oracle, to know if he,
With Safety, might the Sum in Trust deny.
'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,
 He should e'er long for's Knavery pay dear:
Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund,
Yet to his Cost, the Sentence true he found:

* Mr *Beard* wrote a Book, intitl'd, *The Theatre of God's Judgments*, &c.

142 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

Himself, his Children, all his Family,
The most remote of his whole Pedigree,
Perish'd (as there 'tis told) in Misery. }
 Now, to apply; if such be the sad End }
 Of Perjury, tho' but in Thought design'd, }
 Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous Friend, }
 Who has not only thought, but done to you
 All this and more; think what he suffers now,
 And think what ev'ry Villain suffers else,
 That dares, like him, be faithless, base and false.

Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair
 Pursue his Steps, and dog him wherefoe'r
 He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,
 To herd, like wounded Deer, in Company, }
 These strait creep in, and pall his Mirth and Joy. }
 The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumley* drest,
 Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,
 Infipid all, as *Damocles's* Feast.* }
 Ev'n Wine, the greatest Blessing of Mankind,
 The best Support of the dejected Mind,
 Apply'd to his dull Spirits, warms no more,
 than to his Corps, it could past Life restore.

* A flattering Courtier to *Dionysius* the Tyrant, who being invited by that Prince to an Entertainment, perceived a naked Sword hanging over him by a single Thread, upon which he interceded for Pardon, and became more humble for the future.

Darkness he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed
 Without a Candle watching by his Side:
 And if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast,
 To his toss'd Limbs, allow one Moment's Rest,
 Straitways, the Groans of Ghosts, and hideous Screams
 Of tortur'd Spirits, haunt his frightful Dreams:
 Strait then returns to his tormented Mind,
 His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
 Strait he imagines you before his Eyes,
 Ghastly of Shape, and of prodigious Size,
 With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot and monstrous Tail,
 And bigger than the Giant's at *Guildhall*,
 Stalking with horrid Strides across the Room,
 And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom;
 Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
 And dead, cold Sweats, his trembling Members seize:
 Then starting wakes, and with a dismal Cry,
 Calls to his Aid his frightened Family;
 There owns the Crime, and vows upon his Knees
 The sacred Pledge, next Morning to release.

These are the Men, whom the least Terrors daunt,
 Who at the Sight of their own Shadows faint;
 These, if it chance to lighten, are aghast,
 And quake for Fear, lest every Flash should blast:
 These swoon away at the first Thunder-clap,
 As if 'twere not what usually does hap;

144 THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE

The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent
 By angry Heaven, for their Punishment :
 And if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,
 Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue :
 These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,
 Water high-colour'd, want of Rest at Night,
 Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,
 And presently for Fear, ready to sink
 Into their Graves : Their Time they think is come,
 And Heav'n, in Judgment, now has sent their Doom.
 Nor dare they, tho' in Whisper, waft a Pray'r,
 Lest it, by Chance, should reach th' Almighty's Ear,
 And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before,
 So long has their Impieties forbore.

These are the Thoughts which guilty Wretches haunt,
 Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent :
 After a Crime, perhaps, they now and then
 Feel Pangs and Struglings of Remorse within,
 But strait return to their old Course again :
 They who have once thrown Shame and Conscience by,
 Ne'er after make a Stop at Villainy :
 Hurried along, down the vast Steep they go,
 And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no Doubt,
 Will not with single Wickedness give out ;

Have Patience but a while, you'll shortly see
 His Hand held up at Bar for Felony :
 You'll see the sentenc'd Wretch, for Punishment,
 To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Caribbees* sent :
 Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)
 Hung like *Borosky* *, for a Gibbet-sign :
 Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your Eyes
 With the dear Object of his Miseries :
 And then, at length convinc'd, with Joy you'll find,
 That the just God is neither deaf nor blind.

* Executed for the Murder of *Thomas Thynne*, Esq.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

FOR THE DEATH OF

SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Written in September 1677.

A N O D E.

A H wretched *Israel* ! once blessed and happy State,
 The Darling of the Stars and Heaven's Care,
 Then all the bord'ring World thy Vassals were ;
 And thou, at once, their Envy and their Fear,
 How soon art thou (alas !) by the sad Turn of Fate
 Become abandon'd and forlorn ?
 How art thou now become their Pity, and their Scorn ?
 Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,
 Thy Sun, himself, set in a Blood-red,
 Too sure Prognostick ! which does ill portend
 Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,
 Left naked and defenceless now to each invading Hand,
 A fatal Battle lately fought,
 Has all these Mis'ries and Misfortunes brought,
 Has thy quick Ruin and Destruction wrought :

There fell we, by a mighty Overthrow,
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,
The Toil and Labour of their weary Cruelty,
Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die :
Vast Slaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain swells,
And num'rous Deaths increase its former Hills.

In *Gath*, let not the mournful News be known,
Nor publish'd in the Streets of *Askalon* ;
May Fame itself be quite struck dumb !
Oh ! may it never to *Philistia* come,
Nor any live to bear the cursed Tidings home !
Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,
And loudly Triumph in our fresh Disgrace :
No captive *Ishraelite*, their pompous Joy adorn,
Nor in sad Bondage, his lost Country mourn :
No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
No Hymns to *Ashdod's* Idol sung,
Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
Kind Heav'n forbid ! lest the base Heathen Slaves
blaspheme

Thy sacred and unutterable Name,
And, above thine, extol their *Dagon's* Fame.
Lest the vile *Fisb's* Worship spread abroad,
Who fell a prostrate Victim once before our con-
qu'ring God :

148 DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR THE

And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and Kingdoms write,

Who all their Actions to succeeding Age transmit,
Conceal the blushing Story, ah ! conceal

Our Nation's Loss and our dread Monarch's Fall:
Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,

When both by the ill Play of Fate, were thrown
away :

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's Crime,
Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future Time.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,

Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace and Shame !

For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,

Where Slaughter, Blood, and Death did lately
reign !

No Clouds henceforth upon thy barren Top appear,

But what may make thee Mourning wear :

Let them ne'er shake their dewy Fleeces there,

But only once a Year,

On the sad Anniverse, drop a rememb'ring Tear :

No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,

Which may, by Sacrifice, our Guilt, and thine, atone

Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind, hereafter stay

On thee, but Bears and Wolves, and Beasts of Prey,

Or Men, more savage, wild, and fierce, than they ;

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN. 149

A Defart may'ft thou prove, and lonely wafte,
Like that our finful, stubborn Fathers paft,
Where they the Penance trod, for all, they there
transgreft :
Too dearly wafte thou drench'd with precious Blood
Of many a *Jewifh* Worthy, fpilt of late,
Who fuffer'd there, by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul Dishonour at too high a Rate :
Great *Souls* ran there, amongft the common Flood,
His royal Self, mixt with the bafier Crowd :
He, whom the Heav'ns hig hand open Suffrage chofe,
The Bulwark of our Nation to oppofe
The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes ;
Ev'n he, on whom the facred Oil was fhed,
Whofe myftick Drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head,
Lies now (Oh Fate, impartial ftill to Kings !)
Huddled and undiftinguifh'd, in the Heap of meaner
Things.

Lo ! there the mighty Warrior lies,
With all his Laurels, all his Victories,
To rav'nous Fowls, or worfe, to his proud Foes a Prize :
How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whofe gen'rous
Aid,
A conqu'ring Army to diftressed *Jabefh* led,
At whofe Approach, *Ammon's* proud Tyrant fled :

150 DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR THE

How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whom we
 saw bring
 From vanquish'd *Amalek*, their captive Spoils and King ;
 When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare :
 Ah Pity ! more than Cruelty, found guilty there :
 Oft has he made these conquer'd Enemies bow :
 By whom himself lies conquer'd now :
 At *Micmasb*, his great Might they felt and knew,
 The same they felt at *Dammin* too :
 Well I remember, when from *Helah's* Plain
 He came in Triumph, met by a num'rous Crowd,
 Who with glad shouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud ;
 A Dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn Train,
 And sung and prais'd the Man, *That had his Thousands*
slain.

Seir, Moab, Zobah, felt him, and where'er
 He did his glorious Standards bear,
 Official Vict'ry follow'd in the Rear :
 Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
 And like the Grave, the glutt'nous Blade devour'd :
 Slaughter, upon its Point, in Triumph fate,
 And scatter'd Death, as quick and wide as Fate.
 Nor less in high Repute and Worth, was his great
 Son,
 Sole Heir of all his Valour and Renown,
 Heir too (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne :

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN. 151

The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud-tongu'd
Fame,
Amongst her chieftest Heroes, joys to name,
E'er since the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneth* done,
Where he himself and Host o'ercame a War alone :
The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fix'd Amazement stopt, and made them die.
Great Archer he, to whom our dreaded Skill we owe,
Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess know ;
As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd :
Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams
flew,
As if he gave 'em Sight and Swiftnefs too.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows
threw.

Both excellent they were, both equally ally'd
On Nature, and on Valour's side :
Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envy'd not the Fame of's greater Son,
By him endur'd to be surpass'd alone :
He, gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,
And fast, as he could set, the well-writ Copies drew,
And blush'd, that Duty bid him not out-go :

152 DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR THE

Together, they did both the Paths to Glory trace, }
 Together, hunted in the noble Chace, }
 Together, finish'd their united Race :
 There only did they prove unfortunate, }
 Never, till then, unblest'd by Fate, }
 Yet, there they ceas'd not to be great :
 Fearless they met and brav'd their threaten'd Fall,
 And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune durst rebel.
 When publick Safety, and their Country's Care
 Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the Toils of War ;
 As Parent-Eagles, summon'd by their Infants Cries,
 Whom some rude Hands would make a Prize }
 Haste to Relief, and, with their Wings, out-fly their }
 Eyes ;
 So swift did they their speedy Succour bear :
 So swift the bold Aggressors seize,
 So swift attack, so swift pursue the vanquish'd
 Enemies :
 The vanquish'd Enemies, with all the Wings of Fear,
 Mov'd not so quick as they,
 Scarce could their Souls fly fast enough away.
 Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
 Thro' Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Har- }
 vests set, }
 Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their gene- }
 rous Heat :

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN. 153

Like those, they marched undaunted, and like those,
Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,
So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate Foes. }

Mourn wretched *Israel*, mourn thy Monarchs Fall,
And all thy plenteous Stock of Sorrow call,
T'attend his pompous Funeral: }

Mourn each, who in this Loss an Int'rest shares,
Lavish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears :

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,

Who once in lofty Strains did his glad Triumphs sing,
Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures now,
Each charming Air of Breath, and String,
Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead
King,

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow flow.

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,

Who you with Nature's choicest Dainties fed,
Who you, with Nature's gayest Wardrobe clad,
By whom you all her Pride and all her Pleasures had :

For you, the precious Worm his Bowels spun,

For you, the *Tyrian*-Fish did Purple run,

For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,

And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd pearly Dew ; }

The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you :

154 DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR THE

For you, he hatch'd his golden Births alone,
 Wherewith you were array'd, whereby you him out-
 shone,
 All this and more, you did to *Saul's* great Conduct owe,
 All this you lost in his unhappy Overthrow.

Oh Death ! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd of late
 Never before hadst thou so great,
 Ne'er drunk't before so deep of *Jewish* Blood,
 Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at *Gibeah* stood :
 When three whole Days took up the Work of Fate,
 When a large Tribe enter'd, at once, thy Bill,
 And threescore thousand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon the fatal Mountain's Head,
 Lo ! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead :
 There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,
 The best of Princes, and the best of Men ;
 Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks, like an untimely Frost,
 On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles, a fullen Boast,
 And yet looks pale at the great Captive she has ta'en.
 My *Jonathan* is dead ! (Oh dreadful Word of Fame !
 Oh Grief ! that I can speak't, and not become the same !)
 He's dead, and with Him all our blooming Hopes
 are gone,
 And many a Wonder, which he must have done
 And many a Conquest which he must have won,

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN. 155

They're all to the dark Grave and Silence fled,
And never now in Story shall be read,
And never now shall take their Date,
Snatcht hence by the preventing Hand of envious Fate.

Ah ! worthy Prince ! would I, for thee, had dy'd !
Ah, would I had thy fatal Place supply'd !
I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy Gift I owe,
Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught thee to forego:

Both Debts I ne'er can cancel now :
Oh, dearer than my Soul ! if I can call it mine,
For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or think, or
name :

Brother thou wast, but wast my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more :
Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Nature's self could
make,

Than I, or Fame itself can speak :
Not yearning Mothers, when first Throws they feel,
To their young Babes, in Looks, a softer Passion tell :
Not artless, undissembling Maids exprefs,
In their last dying Sighs, such Tendernefs :
Not thy fair Sister, whom strict Duty bids me wear
First in my Breast, whom holy Vows make mine,

156 DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR THE

Tho' all the Virtues of a loyal Wife she bear,
 Could boast an Union so near,
 Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so Divine.
 So pure is that, which we in Angels find,
 To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own Kind :
 So pure, but not more great, must that blest Friendship
 prove
 (Could, ah ! could I, to that wish'd Place, and Thee
 remove)
 Which shall for ever join our mingled Souls above

Ah wretched *Israel* ! ah unhappy State !
 Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate !
 Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful Hate ;
 Who is there left their Fury to withstand ?
 What Champions now to guard thy helpless Land ?
 Who is there left in list'd Fields to head
 Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory ?
 Alas ! thy valiant Youth are dead,
 And all thy brave Commanders too :
 Lo ! how the Glut and Riot of the Grave thus lie,
 And none survive the fatal Overthrow,
 To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barb'rous Foe !
 Rest, ye blest'd Shades, in everlasting Peace,
 Who sell your Country's bloody Sacrifice :

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN. 157

For ever sacred be your Memories,
And Oh ! may e'er long, some Avenger rise
To wipe off Heav'ns and your Disgrace :
May these proud, insulting Foes
Wash off our Stains of Honour with their Blood.
May they ten-thousand-fold repay our Loss ;
For ev'ry Life, a Myriad, every Drop, a Flood.

(158)

THE
O D E
O F
ARISTOTLE IN ATHENÆUS,
U P O N
H O N O U R
P A R A P H R A S E D.

Honour! thou greatest Blessing in the Gift of
Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given:
Cheaply with Blood and Dangers, art though fought,
Nor canst, at any rate, be over-bought.

Thou, shining Honour, art the noblest Chace
Of all the braver Part of Human Race:

Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.

For thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming sake,
Does *Greece* such wond'rous Actions undertake,

For thee no Toils, nor Hardships, she foregoes,
And Death, amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors, woos.

So pow'rfully dost thou the Mind inspire,

And kindlest there so generous a Fire,

As makes thy zealous Votaries

All Things, but thee, despise :

Makes them the Love of thee prefer

Before th' Enchantments of bewitching Gold,

Before th' Embraces of a Parent's Arms,

Before soft Ease, and Love's enticing Charms,

And all that Men on Earth, most valuable hold.

For thee, the Heav'n-born *Hercules*,

And *Lada's* faithful Twins, in Birth no less,

So many mighty Labours underwent,

And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high
Descent.

By thee they reach'd the blest abode,

The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's Paths they
trod.

By thee, great *Ajax*, and the greater Son

Of *Peleus*, were exalted to Renown :

Envied by the Immortals did they go,

Laden with Triumph, to the Shades below.

For thee, and thy dear sake,

Did the young *Hermias*, Worthy of *Atarna*, lately stake

His Life in Battle, to the Chance of Fate,
And bravely lost, what he so boldly set :
Yet lost he not his glorious Aim,
But, by short Death, purchas'd eternal Fame :
The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die :
They shall his great Exploits rehearse,
And consecrate the Hero in Immortal Verse.

U P O N T H E
 W O R K S
 O F
 B E N J O N S O N.

Written in 1678.

A N O D E.

Great thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to dare to
 praise,

Whose firm, establish'd, and unshaken Glories stand,
 And proudly their own Fame command,

Above our Pow'r to lessen, or to raise,
 And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and
 thy Bays ;

Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for so I dare .

Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,

Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say ;

They'll say, perhaps, that others did Materials bring,

That others did the first Foundations lay,

And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin,

VOL. II.

M

But thou alone couldst finish the Design,
All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was thine:
Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,
Who durst the unknown World explore,
By them it was survey'd at distant View,
And here and there a *Cape*, and *Line* they drew,
Which only serv'd as Hints, and Marks to thee,
Who was reserv'd to make the full Discovery:
Arts-Compass to thy painful Search we owe,
Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,
By that we may *Wit's* vast, and trackless *Ocean* try,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coast along the *Shore*,
But steer a Course more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow Bounds, that pent Antiquity.

Never, till thee, the Theatre possist
A Prince, with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,
No Government, or Laws it had,
To strengthen and establish it,
Till thy great Hand the Scepter sway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Uniform'd, and void, was then its Poesy,
Only some pre-existing Matter we
Perhaps could see,
That might foretel what was to be,

A rude and undigested Lump it lay,
 Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the Birth of Light, and Day,
 Till thy brave Genius, like a new Creator, came,
 And undertook the mighty Frame;
 No shuffled Atoms did the well-built Work compose,
 It from no lucky Hit of blund'ring Chance arose
 (As some, of his great Fabrick, idly dream)
 But wise, all-seeing Judgment, did contrive,
 And knowing Art, its Graces, give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire,
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,
 But straight throughout it, let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And ev'ry Part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous, new-made World of
 Poetry.

Let dull, and ignorant Prenders, Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismatics in that, as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream;
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 'Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the Brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,

'Twas Brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
Sprightly, as vig'rous Youth, and Cool, as temp'rate
Age:

Free like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
But suffer'd Reason's loose, and easy Rein,
By that it suffer'd to be led,
Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:
Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
Was wisely govern'd, and reclaim'd by thee,
Restraint and Discipline was made t'endure,
And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at some noble Quarry sent,
With bold, and tow'ring Wings, it upward went,
Not lessen'd at the greatest Height,
Not turn'd by the most giddy Flights of dazzling Wit.

Nature and Art, together met, and join'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.

That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd, with num'rous Stars embellish'd o'er,
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence
bore,

This was the strong Intelligence, whose Pow'r,
'Turn'd it about, and did th' unerring Motions steer:

Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
The noble Births they jointly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which most of Force to the great Generation brought:
So mingling Elements compose our Body's frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their just Proportions share,
Each, undistinguish'd, still remains the same,
Yet can't we say that's either here, or there,
But all, we know not how, are scatter'd every where.

Sober, and grave, was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No taudry, careless, flattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal, with Affectdness,
Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and Town;
But neat, agreeable, and jauntly 'twas,
Well fitted, it sate close in ev'ry Place,
And all became, with an uncommon Air and Grace:
Rich, costly, and substantial was the Stuff,
Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:
No Refuse, ill-patch'd Shreads o'th' Schools,
The motly Wear of read, and learned Fools:
No *French* Commodity, which now so much does take,
And our own better Manufacture spoil,
Nor was it aught of foreign Soil;
But staple all and all, of *English* growth and make:

What Flow'rs foe'er, of Art, it had, were found
No tinsel, slight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

Plain Humour, shewn with her whole various Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Dress,
Nor scrud in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
(The gaping Rabble's dull Delight,
And more the Actor's, than the Poet's Wit)

Such did she enter on thy Stage,
And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
Well wast thou skill'd and read in Human Kind,
In ev'ry wild, fantastick Passion of his Mind,
Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive,

What each from Nature does receive,
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give:

What Custom too, that mighty Sorceress,
Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
Makes this an odd and freakish *Monkey* turn,
And that a grave and solemn *Ass* appear,
And all a thousand beastly Shapes of Folly wear:
Whate'er Caprice or Whimsy leads awry
Perverted, and seduc'd Mortality,

Or does incline, and bias it
From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and
Good, and Fit;

All in thy faithful Glas were so express'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own Mind,
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,
Tho' every Dish well cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could sound, relishing Palates be,
Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
Court'd the Taste, and rais'd the Appetite;
Whate'er fresh dainty Fops, in Season, were
To garnish, and set out thy Bill of Fare,
Those, never found to fail, throughout the Year,
(For seldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a Dearth of Fools)
What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,
From the fine, luscious Spark of high, and courtly
Breed,

Down to the dull, insipid Cit,
Made thy pleas'd Audience, Entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit,

Most Plays are writ like Almanacks, of late,
And serve one only Year, one only State ;
Another makes them uselefs, stale, and out of date ;
But thine were wisely calculated, fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,
For all succeeding Time, and after-Age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience fit,
And the whole World be justly made thy Stage :
Still they shall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in Vogue in Spite of all the damning Crew ;
Till the last Scene of his great Theatre,
Clos'd, and shut down,
The num'rous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of Human Life be done.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast thy
Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raise,
And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays ;
Rich in thyself, to whose unbounded Store
Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more,
Thou couldst alone th' Empire of the Stage maintain,
Couldst all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,
Nor needest other Subsidies to pay,
Needest no Tax on foreign, or thy native Country lay,

To bear the Charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:
Yet, like some mighty Conqueror, in Poetry,
Design'd, by Fate, of Choice to be
Founder of its universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,
Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece*, were made submit,
Both, were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'st in Triumph with her Captive Wit.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talent fix a Lie,
And call that Slowness, which was Care and Industry,
Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy Shame,
If Diligence be deem'd a Fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judge of thy self alone (for none there were,
Could be so just, or could be so severe)
Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry,
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:

With Rigour thou arraign'st each guilty Line,
 And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas thine:
 Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
 (For never, or too seldom, we,
 Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
 Thou didst no small Delinquencies acquit,
 But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
 Saw'st Execution done, on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

Some curious Painter, taught, by Art, to dare
 (For they, with Poets, in that Title, share)
 When he would undertake a glorious Frame;
 Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
 Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
 Long holds his doubting Hand e'er he begin,
 And justly, then, proportions every Stroke and Line,
 And oft he brings it to Review,
 And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
 And mixes Oils to make the flitting Colours dure,
 To keep 'em from the Tarnish of injurious Time
 secure;
 Finish'd, at length, in all that Care and Skill can do,
 The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
 And all, surpriz'd about it, wond'ring stand,
 And tho' no Name be found below,
 Yet strait discern th' inimitable Hand,

And strait they cry, 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo* :
So thy brave Soul, that scorn'd all cheap and easy
Ways,

And trod no common Road to Praise,
Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence proceed
(For whoe'er saw Perfection grow in Haste ?
Or that soon done, which must for ever last ?)
But gentle did advance with wary Heed,
And shew'd that Mastery is most in Justness read :
(Nought ever issu'd from thy teeming Breast,
But what had gone full Time) could write exactly best,
And stand the sharpest Censure, and defy the rigid'st
Test.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak and meaner Acts, with his compare)
When he, the World's fair Poem did of old design,
That Work, which now must boast no longer Date than
thine ;

Tho' 'twas in Him alike to will, and do,
Tho' the same Word that spoke, could make it too,
Yet would he not such quick, and hasty Methods use,
Nor did an Instant (which it might) the great Effect
produce,

But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,
Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heav'n consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and
Sense,

Seem'd to take Time, and Care, and Pains,

It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,

That something, worthy of a God, was coming forth;

Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,

No Point amiss did in the large volum'nous Piece appear,

And when the glorious Author all survey'd,

Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,

Well-pleas'd he was to find

All answer'd the great Model and Idea of his Mind:

Pleas'd at Himself, He in high Wonder stood,

And much his Pow'r, and much his Wisdom did applaud,

To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent Good.

Let meaner Spirits sloop to low precarious Fame,

Content on gross, and coarse Applause, to live,

And what the dull, and senseless Rable give:

Thou didst it still with noble Scorn contemn,

Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,

The poor Subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid Name:

Thine was no empty Vapour, rais'd beneath,

And form'd of common Breath,

The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
By pop'lar Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of Light,
That shone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all fullying Clouds, and fear'd no darkning
Night.

Lik the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
Who wheresoe'er he does display
His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
Vanish, and shrink away.

O'erwhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater Blaze of Day;
With such a strong, and awful, and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'ercome with too much Light,
With too much Brightness dazled, or extinguish'd quite;
Restless, and uncontroul'd, it now shall pass
As wide a Course about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels cease,
Begin a new, and vaster Race,
And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.

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T H E
N I N T H O D E
OF THE THIRD BOOK OF
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donéc gratus eram tibi, &c.

Hor. While you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I flighted Crowns,
'And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the blest'd Virgins are above.

Hor. Now *Cloe's* charming Voice and Art,
Having gain'd the Conquest of my Heart :
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
If mine, the Nymph's dear Life might buy.

Lyd. *Thyrsis* by me has done the same,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame :
For whom a double Death I'd bear ;
Would Fate my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

Hor. But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive, as before :
Say, I throw off my *Cloe's* Chain,
And take you to my Breast again.

Lyd. Why then, tho' he more bright appear,
More constant, than a fixed Star ;
Tho' you, than Wind, more fickle be,
And rougher than the stormy Sea,
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs, I vow
I'd gladly live and die with you.

UPON A

L A D Y,

WHO,

By the overturning of a Coach, had her Coats behind
flung up, and what was under shewn to the View of
the Company,

OUT OF VOITURE.

*P*hillis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave,
This happy Moment dates your Reign;
No Force of Human Pow'r can save
My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:
But when my Conquest you design'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjust, and too severe,
Thus to attack me from Behind.

Against the Charms your Eyes impart,
With Care I had secur'd my Heart;
On all the Wonders of your Face,
Could safely, and unwounded, gaze;

OVETURN'D IN A COACH. 177

But now, entirely to enthrall
My Breast, you have expos'd to View,
Another more resistless Foe,
From which I had no Guard at all.

At first Assault, constrain'd to yield,
My vanquish'd Heart resign'd the Field,
My Freedom, to the Conqueror,
Became a Prey that very Hour :
The subtle Traitor, who, unspied,
Had lurk'd till now, in close Disguise,
Lay, all his Life in Ambush hid,
At last, to kill me by Surprise.

A sudden Heat my Breast inspir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, sent
From that new dawning Firmament
Thro' every Vein my Spirits fir'd :
My Heart, before averse to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove ;
When, on the Grass, you did display
Your radiant Bum to my survey,
And shamed the Lustre of the Day.

The Sun in Heav'n abash'd to see
A Thing more gay, more bright than He,

Struck with Disgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:
His Beams he now thought uselefs grown,
That better were by yours supplied,
But having once seen your Back-side,
For shame, he durst not shew his own.

Forfaking ev'ry Wood, and Grove,
The *Sylvans*, ravish'd at the Sight,
In pressing Crowds, about you strove,
Gazing, and lost in Wonder quite:
Fond *Zephyr*, seeing your rich Store
Of Beauty, undescried before,
Enamour'd of each lovely Grace,
Before his own dear *Flora's* Face,
Could not forbear to kiss the Place.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,
In Blushes did her Shame disclose:
Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
And shrunk, for Fear, into their Beds:
The amorous *Narcissus* too,
Reclaim'd of fond Self-love by you,
His former vain Desire cashier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

OVERTURN'D IN A COACH. 179

When this bright Object greets our Sight,
All others lose their Lustre quite :
Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Face,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the Approach of brighter Day,
No more regard, or Value bear,
But when its Glories disappear.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,
Which justly give me cause to Fear ;
But that, which most begets Despair,
It has no Sense of Love at all :
More hard than Adamant it is,
They say, that no Impression takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely, speaks.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,
Which to the World, I thus rehearse,
Throughout the spacious Coasts of Fame
To stand recorded in my Verse :
No other Subject, or Design,
Henceforth shall be my Muse's Theme,
But what just Praises to proclaim
The fairest SKIN that e'er was seen.

In Pity, gentle *Phillis*, hide
The dazzling Beams of your Back-side ;
For should they shine unclouded long,
All Human-kind would be undone.
Not the bright Goddesses on high,
That reign above the starry Sky,
Should they turn up to open View,
All their immortal Tails, can shew
An *A—H—* so divine as you.

}

C A T U L L U S.

E P I G. VII. I M I T A T E D.

Quæris quot mihi Bafiationes, &c.

Nay, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
 How many Kisses will suffice ?
 Faith 'tis a Question hard to tell,
 Exceeding hard ; for you as well
 May ask, what Sums of Gold suffice
 The greedy Miser's boundless Wish :
 Think, what Drops the Ocean store,
 With all the Sands, that make its Shore :
 Think, what Spangles deck the Skies,
 When Heav'n looks with all its Eyes :
 Or think, how many Atoms came
 To compose this mighty Frame :
 Let all these the Counters be,
 To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee :
 Till no malicious Spy can guess
 To what vast Height the Scores arise ;
 Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
 And Numbers, for the Reck'ning want :
 All these will hardly be enough
 For me, stark staring mad with Love.

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S O M E
E L E G I E S
O U T O F
O V I D ' S A M O U R S,
I M I T A T E D.
B O O K II. E L E G Y IV.

That he loves Women of all Sorts and Sizes.

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores, &c.

N^Ot I, I never vainly durst pretend,
My Follies, and my Frailties to defend :
I own my faults, if it avail to own,
While, like a graceless Wretch, I still go on :
I hate my self, but yet, in Spite of Fate,
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate:
In vain I would shake off this Load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove :

I want the Strength, my fierce Desires to stem,
 Hurried away by the impetuous Stream.
 'Tis not one Face alone subdues my Heart,
 But each wears Charms, and ev'ry Eye a Dart:
 And wherefo'er I cast my Looks abroad,
 In every Place, I find Temptations strow'd,
 The Modest kills me with her down-cast Eyes,
 And Love his Ambush lays in that Disguise.
 The Brisk allures me with her Gaity,
 And shews how active, she in Bed, will be:
 If Coy, like cloyster'd Virgin, she appears,
 She but dissembles, what she most desires:
 If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply Read,
 I long to get a learned Maidenhead:
 Or if Untaught, and Ignorant she be,
 She takes me then with her Simplicity:
 One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,
 And swears that *Cowley's* are but dull to mine:
 Her, in mere Gratitude, I must approve,
 For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
 Another damns my Poetry and me,
 And plays the Critick most judiciously:
 And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,
 And I'm agog to have her in my Arms.
 One, with her soft and wanton Trip does please,
 And, prints in every Step she sets a Grace:

Another, Walks with stiff, ungainly Tread ;
But she may learn more Pliantness abed,
This sweetly sings ; her Voice does Love inspire,
And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the Fire :
Who can forbear to kiss those Lips, whose Sound
The ravish'd Ears does with such Softness wound ?
That sweetly plays : and while her Fingers move, }
While o'er the bounding Strings their Touches rove, }
My Heart leaps too, and every Pulse beats Love :
What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand
The magick Force of that resistless Hand ?
Another dances to a Miracle,
And moves her supple Limbs with graceful Skill :
And She, or else the Devil's in't, must charm,
A Touch of her would Bed-rid Hermits warm.
If tall ; I guess what plenteous Game she'll yield,
Where Pleasure ranges o'er so wide a Field :
If low she's pretty : both alike invite,
The Dwarf and Giant, both my Wishes fit,
Undress'd ; I think how killing she'd appear,
If arm'd with all Advantages she were :
Richly attir'd ; she's the gay Bait of Love,
And knows, with Art, to set her Beauties off.
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
And I can find Attractions in the Brown :

If curling Jet adorn her snowy Neck,
 The beauteous *Læda* is reported Black :
 If curling Gold ; *Aurora's* painted so :
 All Sorts of Histories my Love does know.
 I like the Young, with all her blooming Charms,
 And Age itself is welcome to my Arms :
 There uncropt beauty in its flow affails,
 Experience here and riper Sense prevails.
 In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
 To stock the spacious, and well-furnish'd Town ;
 Whatever any single Man can find
 Agreeable of all the num'rous kind :
 To all alike, my haggard Love is free,
 And each is Game, and each a Mifs for me.

OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his Mistress that jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti est, (abeas, pharetrate Cupido) &c.

Nay, then the Devil take all Love! if I
 So oft, for its damn'd Sake, must wish to die.
 What can I wish for but to die, when you,
 Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
 Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
 For thee false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
 'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
 Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:
 Would God! my just Suspensions wanted Cause,
 That they might prove less fatal to my Ease:
 Would God! less Colour for thy Guilt there were,
 But that (alas!) too much of Proof does bear:
 Bless'd he, who, what he loves, can justify,
 To whom, his Mistress can the Fact deny,
 And boldly give his Jealousy the Lie.
 Cruel the Man, and uncompassionate,
 And too indulgent to his own Regret,

Who seeks to have her Guilt too manifest,
 And with the murd'ring Secret, stabs his rest.
 I saw, when little you suspected me,
 When Sleep, you thought, gave Opportunity ;
 Your Crimes I saw, and these unhappy Eyes,
 Of all your hidden Stealths were Witnesses :
 I saw, in Signs, your mutual Wishes read,
 And Nods, the Message of your Hearts, convey'd :
 I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o'er
 With Scrawls of Wine, Love's Mystick-Cypher bore :
 Your Glances were not mute, but each betray'd,
 And with your Fingers, Dialogues were made :
 I understood the Language out of Hand,
 (For what's too hard for Love to understand ?)
 Full well I understood for what Intent
 All this dumb Talk, and silent Hints were meant ;
 And now the Guests were from the Table fled,
 And all the Company retir'd to Bed :
 I saw you then with wanton Kisses greet,
 Your Tongues (I say) did in your Kisses meet :
 Not such as Sisters to their Brothers give,
 But Lovers, from their Mistresses, receive :
 Such as the God of War, and Paphian Queen
 Did in the Height of their Embraces join.
Patience ye Gods ! (cried I) what is't I see ?
Unfaithful ! why this Treachery to me ?

*How dare you let another in my Sight,
Invade my native Property and Right ?
He must not, shalt not do't : By Love, I swear,
I'll seize the bold, usurping Ravisher :
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates design,
That you should be unalienably mine :
These Favours all, to me, improprieate are :
How comes another then to trespass here ?
This, and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,
While conscious Shame her Cheeks with Blushes fir'd :
Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's full Blushes paint the bashful Morn :
So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lilies neighb'ring Snow :
This, or some other Colour, much like these,
The Semblance, then, of her Complexion was :
And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore,
Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before :
Upon the Ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise :
Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
Her Face, more lovely, seem'd in Sadness dress'd :
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear :
Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
But strait the Tempest of my Rage was laid :*

A Look of her did my Resentment's charm,
 A Look of her, did all their Force disarm :
 And I, that fierce, outrageous thing, ere-while,
 Grew calm, as Infants, when in Sleep, they smile :
 And now a Kiss am humbly fain to crave,
 And beg no worse, than she my Rival, gave :
 She smil'd, and strait a Throng of Kisses prest,
 The worst of which, should *Jove* himself but taste, }
 The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand would wrest : }
 Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
 For Fear my envied Rival felt them so :
 Better they seem'd, by far, than I e'er taught,
 And, she in them, shew'd something new, methought :
 Fond, jealous I, my self the Pleasure grutch,
 And they displeas'd because they pleas'd too much :
 When, in my Mouth, I felt her darting Tongue,
 My wounded Thoughts it with Suspicion stung :
 Nor is it this alone afflicts my Mind,
 More Reasons for Complaint remain behind :
 I grieve not only, that she Kisses gave,
 Tho' that affords me Cause enough to rave :
 Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
 And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had !

OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEGY X.

TO A FRIEND,

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with Two at
one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè, (memini) Græcine, negabas, &c.

I've heard, my Friend, and heard it said by you
No Man, at once, could ever well Love two :
But I was much deceiv'd upon that Score,
For single I, at once, love one, and more :
Two, at one time, reign jointly in my Breast,
Both handsome are, both charming, both well-dressd, }
And hang me, if I know, which takes me best :
This fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this, and this than that, does please :
Toft, like a Ship, by diff'rent Guffs of Love,
Now to this Point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my Pains ?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's Chains ?

Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more
 On one that was Top-full of Love before?
 Yet thus I'd rather love than not at all,
 May that ill Curse my Enemies befall:
 May my worst Foe be damn'd to love of none,
 Be damn'd to Continnence, and lie alone:
 Let Love's Alarms each Night disturb my Rest,
 And drowsy Sleep never approach my Breast,
 Or straightway thence be by new pleasure chas'd.
 Let Pleasures, in Succession, keep my Sense
 Ever awake or ever in a Trance:
 Let me lie melting in my Fair-One's Arms,
 Riot in Bliss, and surfeit on her Charms:
 Let her undo me there without Controul,
 Drain Nature quite, suck out my very Soul:
 And, if by one, I can't enough be drawn,
 Give me another, clap more Leeches on,
 The Gods have made me of the Sporting-kind,
 And for the Feat my pliant Limbs design'd:
 What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
 In Sinews, and in Vigour, is supplied:
 And should my Strength be wanting to Desire;
 Pleasure would add new Fuel to the Fire:
 Oft in soft Battles have I spent the Night,
 Yet rose next Morning, vigr'ous for the Fight,
 Fresh, as the Day, and active, as the Light.

No Miad that ever under me took Pay,
From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
Bless' he, who in Love's Service yields his Breath,
Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a Death !
Inbloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
To purchase dear-bought Honour at the Rate :
Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main,
And shipwreck Life, and Soul, for sordid Gain :
Dying, let me expire in Gasps of Lust,
And in a Gush of Joy give up the Ghost :
Then some kind, pitying Friend shall smile and cry,
So did he live, and so deserv'd to die.

END OF VOL. II.

